The Centre Reporter.

VOL. LXX. CENTRE HALL, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1897. NO. 47

COURT PROCEEDINGS.

CRIMINAL AND CIVIL CASES DISPCSED OF.

The Large Civil List on the Docket Being Cleared Up.—Important Suit for Damages to a Wife Now on Trial.

Court convened on Friday morning, when Edward Woodring, who plead guilty to two indictments last Monday for larceny, was sentenced to the Reformatory at Huntingdon on one of the indictments, and sentence was suspended on the other.

Court adjourned at ten o'clock, until Monday morning, at nine.

The following cases returned to November sessions, and not already reported, were disposed of as follows:

Com. vs. Arthur Evans, charge, lunacy and dangerous, prosecutors Jas. T. Corman and H. H. Miller.

Com. vs. John A. Taylor, charge in two counts; first count assault and battery; second, assault with intent to commit rape; prosecutrix Agnes Rossman. Bill ignored, and prosecutrix to pay the costs.

Com. vs. Wilkinson Horner, chaage betrayal, prosecutrix Sallie Ryan. Recognizance renewed to January sessions.

Com. vs. Milford Stover, charge betrayal, prosecutrix Sadie Kleckner. Recognizance renewed to January sessions.

Com. vs. Ammon Gramley, charge betrayal, prosecutrix Ella Johnston. Settled.

Com. vs. James Shilling, charge adultery, prosecutrix Maggie Bloom. Bill ignored and the prosecutrix to pay the costs.

Com. vs. Clara Frank, alias Clara McKinley, charge adultery, prosecutrix Maggie Bloom; bill ignored and the prosecutrix to pay the costs of prosecution.

Com. vs. Thomas Witmyer, charge betrayal, prosecutrix Mazie A. Bower; Recognizance renewed to January sessions.

Com. vs. Susan Long and John H. Long, charge breach of the peace, prosecutrix Emma Fahringer.

Com. vs. J. O. Mohn, charge aggravated assault and battery, prosecutor Wm. Huey; continued to January sessions.

Com. vs. Daniel Murphy, charge assault and intent to commit a rape, prosecutrix Fannie Barre; bill ignored and the county to pay the costs.

Com. vs. Clem. Hanna, charge betrayal, prosecutrix Anna Mingle; true bill.

Com. vs. Robert Keath, charge betrayal, prosecutrix Bessie Bradley; true bill.

Com. vs. Charles Munice, charge betrayal, prosecutrix Susan Martin; recognizance renewed to January session.

Com. vs. Clyde Roper, Luther Roper and J rry Condo, charge, illegal fishing, returned by the constable of Gregg township; continued.

Court convened on Monday morning with Hon. John G. Love, President Judge, on the bench, and after hearing motion and petitions court adjourned until 1.30 p. m. on account of the jurors from Philipsburg and Snow Shoe not being able to get here before that time.

The following cases for this week's court were disposed of as follows:

Mary Ellen Shutt vs. Eve Mingle, feigned issue; settled and discontinued.

Gertrude B. Reber vs. administrators of Aaron Williams, dec'd, feigned issue; continued on account of the serious illness of Capt. W. F. Reber.

Catharine M. Resides vs. John W. Cook, S. M. Buck, The Saylor Madill Coal Mining Co. and the Beech Valley Coal and Iron Co.; continued.

Mary C. Treaster vs. J. W. Mitterling, administrator of etc., of John Mitterling; continued.

Calvin Davidson vs. Harriet Stere, Priscilla Stere and Eli Stere, three cases, one against each of the defendants above named; continued.

Lehigh Valley Coal Co. vs. Beaver Lumber Co., Mary I. Ardell, John Ardell, Jr., Geo. Lucas, David Hoover, D. C. Shope, Isaac Lanning, Alfred Ammerman, and Wilson Walford; continued.

Lehigh Valley Co. vs. Geo. Lucas, Frank Lanning, Nelson Walford, Isaac Lanning, David Hoover, Daniel C. Shope, Alfred Ammerman, John Ardell, Jr., and Mary I. Ardell; continued.

Philipsburg Coal and Land vs. The Guarantee Trust and Safe Deposit Co., of Philadelphia, Robert A. Jackson, and John O'Niel; continued.

The Lehigh Valley Coal Co., vs. A. J. Griest; continued.

Joseph S. Ford, executor of etc., of Geo. M. Ford, dec'd, vs. Wm. J. Jackson, Eleanor H. Jackson, David D. Woods and John Shook; continued.

Court convened on Monday afternoon at 1.30 and the sheriff acknowledged eight sheriff's deeds and three were continued, two special returns were read and quite a numbrr of petitions and motions were heard.

H. A. McKee, use of Kezin Dunning now Kezia Stevens vs. H. M. Dunning; non suit entered with prejudice.

Annie C. Essington vs. W. R. Campbell, summons in trespass, plea not guilty; non suit entered.

Frank P. Blair vs. Austin Brumgart, Sarah Gibbs and Charles Treziyulny, summons in ejectment, plea not guilty. This suit is brought to recover a tract of land containing about one hundred and ten acres, located on the ridge dividing Nittany valley about one mile east of Zion, in Walker township. The plaintiff claiming under the Wister survey and the defendants under the J. J. Lingle survey, a junior survey, the two surveys interfering. Verdict in favor of the plaintiff for the land described in the writ, subject to the question of the law reserved by the court, whether judgment should be entered on the verdict with or without costs.

John A, Logue and Wm. A. Hartsock, administrators of etc., of Josephine Williams deceased vs. Wm. J. Kline, J. C. Henderson, and George Kline, No. 91 April term 1896, and judgment opened as to J. C. Henderson and he let into a defence. The judgment was never opened as to Wm. J. Kline and Geo. Kline, and the jury was sworn only to J. C. Henderson. This suit grows out of a note dated Feb. 21, 1889, and given to Josephine Williams for $200 and purporting to have been signed by the three defendants above named. The note was entered and filed in the Court of Common Pleas on the 3d day of January 1894, and some time in 1895 the note in suit disappeared from the files in the Prothonotary's office and has not since been found. Mr. Henderson alleged that he never signed this note and that if his name is on the note it is a forgery. Verdict on Tuesday morning in favor of the plaintiff for $305.30.

D. F. Fortney, executor of etc., of Margaret Woodring, deceased vs. J. L. Spangler and H. H. Montgomery; verdict in favor of plaintiff for $285.60.

An interesting case is now on trial. It is the case of Mrs. Moyer Lyons vs. Gus Lyons, and is for damages on the ground that defendant caused the alienating of her husband's affections. The attorneys for Mrs. Lyons are C. M. Bower, Ellis Orvis and E. R. Chambers. The defendant is represented by ex-Judge A. O. Furst, Wilbur F. Reeder and James Scarlet.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued during the past week:

Wm. E. Green and Kate Miller, of Bellefonte.

Samuel B. Wasson and Mary R. Glenn, of Lemont.

Wm. S. Williams and Mary P. Miller, of Lemont

Chas. H. Watson and Finis Vivian Meek, of Snow Shoe.

Franklyn Kline and Minnie Houser, of College Twp.

Franklyn Walker and Mollie E. Adams, of Howard Twp.

Died Near Centre Hall.

Miss Katie Toner, daughter of William Toner, of Bellefonte, died at the home of her sister, Mrs. Daniel Callahan, on Nittany mountain, near Centre Hall, on Monday morning, after an illness of several years, aged about 47 years. The remains were taken to Bellefonte where they were interred in the Catholic cemetery Wednesday morning.

Cantata.

The Reformed Sunday school of Centre Hall is preparing a Cantata for Christmas Eve. Those who have heard the music of it, pronounce it one of the finest for amateur work. As there is considerable expense in connection with its rendition, an admission fee of 20 cents for all over 12 years of age, 10 cents for all under 12, will be charged.

Corn from Seed 3000 Years Old.

The Rev. Lafayette Johnson, of Owen county, has some corn raised this season from seed taken from a sealed jar that was found in a mound in Missouri, fifteen feet beneath the surface of the earth, two or three years ago. It has possibly been in its hiding-place for 3,000 years, according to the Rev. Johnson's estimate, he being an antiquarian of no mean repute. The grains of the corn grown by him are the color of an Indian.—Louisville Post.

For Sale.

Over 100 loads fine mason stone, cheap; quarried, culled and banked on my lot. Can be bought and hauled any time. FRANK E. ARNEY.

—When you want a suit to fit, of good quality and at a low figure, there is but one store in Bellefonte that can touch all these points. Lewins, at the Philad. Branch is the place.

A CHANCE FOR THE GIRLS.

A Matrimonial Agent Wants Girls to Join His Colony in Alaska.

Charles Carrington, of Seattle, Wash., has announced his business to be the selection of 200 or 300 healthy women whom he proposes to take to Alaska in the spring for the purpose of equalizing the disparity between the male and female population that is supposed will exist in the gold region next spring.

The matrimonial agent is an examiner and proposes the expenses of the party, getting his remunerations out of the sums that will be paid for wives on his arrival. "It is a perfectly legitimate business," said he, "and I consider myself a benefactor. There are thousands of young women in the east who are unable to find husbands in their own communities, and would gladly avail themselves of this opportunity if they could be certain of getting good partners for life. None but actual miners, who are not afraid to work and who have cleaned up a good lot of pay dirt will have a chance to get any of these girls.

"I am making a careful selection of good, respectable young women, and every one of them will be worth her weight in gold. I think a girl is foolish who would object to a husband on these terms. I have had a good many applications, and the only thing they object to is being auctioned off."

Believe the End of the World is Near.

A peculiar story comes from the southern part of this county which seems almost incredible, but it is vouched for as correct in detail. It is the belief prevalent there that the world will come to an end on December 12, and so strong is the belief among a certain class that farmers who inherit the same have left their corn standing in shock, and much of their work undone, in the belief that it will not be needed by them or any one else. Just who is the prophet after whose predictions these deluded people are following cannot be learned.

Twenty years ago in the same community there were scores of converts to Mother Shipton's prophecies that the world would come to an end in 1879, and at that time a man by the name of Miller was so confident that the prophecy would be fulfilled that he made all preparations for the momentous event. The subject was ever his talk, and he won many converts to the belief. Farms were then abandoned and work that should have been done left undone, and when the expected day drew nigh the people gathered together in groups and prayed and preached to each other. But the time passed and the world went on. Miller, however, did not lose his faith that the time would eventually come, and many times preached his doctrine. Others have taken up the delusion and now the date has been set for December 12.

Almost without exception the believers in this prophecy are non-church members, and scout the idea of predestinationism. And yet many of them are intelligent and well read, being able to discuss any topic and quote Scripture with the best of theologians. And still more strange is the fact that they base the claims of their belief on facts found in the Bible, and produce texts to prove the theory. At this time there are evening gatherings at the homes of the different believers, where the one topic of conversation is the coming destruction of the world and in making spiritual preparation for that event by praying and praise service. All worldly subjects are treated with indifference even to the stranger who may happen to come among them at such a time.

Lien Collections Cease.

No further attempt will be made by the Department of Internal Affairs to collect the unpaid purchase money for lands bought from the State years ago. The law passed by the recent Legislature has created a great deal of distress in Chester, Lancaster, Berks and other counties, and so great has been the pressure on Secretary Latta that he recently addressed the following letter to Major I. B. Brown, his deputy:

Dear Sir—The collection of the unpaid purchase money upon the land lien docket has developed so many instances of real hardship, particularly in the excessive charges of interest imposed by the act of 1864, that I am inclined to think the next Legislature would be disposed to afford relief. The State can lose nothing by the delay, and can be liberal if she chooses.

You will be good enough, therefore, to suspend further collections, except from those who prefer to pay to perfect title.

—The new Fall styles of dress suits have been received at the Philad. Branch, Bellefonte, and a more complete stock you will not find. If you need a new dress suit, hat or any furnishing goods, see their stock. Many sales and small profits is the way the firm has built up their large patronage.

—Subscribe for the REPORTER.

WASHINGTON LETTER

A SCHEME TO ROPE IN THE DEMOCRATIC MEMBERS.

To Bring About Currency Legislation the Administration is Working for the Support of Senators and Members.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—"Walk into my parlor," says the spider to the fly; "walk into my National bank scheme," says the administration to the Southern Democrats. As fast as the Southern Democrats arrive in Washington, they are buttonholed by agents of the administration, who try to convince them what a boon it would be for that section and for portions of the west, where banking facilities are deficient, if National Banks could be established in small towns with a capital of $25,000, were allowed to issue currency to the par value of bonds deposited with the government, and the tax on that currency was made merely nominal. After talking up the advantage of a plentiful supply of currency at home, to meet the home demand, they try to get the southern Democrats to pledge themselves to vote for a bill embodying these amendments to the National banking laws. It is a shrewd game, and the arguments are plausible when used to men who know how their constituents are at times inconvenienced by the lack of sufficient currency to meet their needs, and it is not surprising that some Democratic support for the idea has been secured. The administration hopes to get enough Democratic Senators to put this scheme through the Senate, in connection with other financial legislation, about which care is taken to say nothing at this time, or if that is not feasible, to put through a bill with no other feature. Anything that will strengthen the National Banking system will strengthen the gold standard policy.

Secretary Long's annual report contains several sentences that must have escaped Mr. McKinley's blue pencil by accident. For instance, he speaks of "possible annexation of islands in the Pacific," as though he entertained doubts about the annexation of Hawaii, and he acknowledges his fear of that growing Treasury deficit by saying that in expenditures for the Navy" a due regard is necessary to the relation of the national expenditures to the national revenues." It is very difficult to reconcile the decidedly peaceable tone of the Secretary's official talk about only small additions to the Navy being provided for by this Congress, and of his intention to take war ships out of commission in order to say running expenses, with the section just taken by his department in placing a large contract—the largest made since the war—for amunition and guns.

Several hundred employes of the Treasury Department find it impossible to prepare for Christmas in the proper joyous spirit, owing to the fear that the ax will in the mean time fall upon their official necks. The civil service law provides that each state and territory shall have a proportionate quota of the employes of the Government. Secretary Gage has just had a list prepared showing the residence of the employes of his Department, and has announced his intention to weed out the "barnacles." This has been interpreted by the employes to mean that dismissals are to be made among the residents of those states having more than their share in order to give the places to residents of states which have less than their share. Should this be true, many persons residing, or claiming a residence, in nearby states will have to go, as the nearby states all have more than their share, but the heaviest blow would fall upon residents of the District of Columbia, which is legally entitled to only nine clerks in the Treasury Department, but which has more than three hundred. There has been several scares of this sort before, but it is'nt the sort of thing that the poor devils who have been in government employ so long that they have forgotten how, if they ever knew to make a living outside, can get used to. The odd thing about it, if carried out, would be that it would catch many more Republicans than Democrats, but not a few of them are political hermaphrodites, making it their business to always appear to belong to the party on top, without actually belonging to either.

Representative Hartman, of Mont., takes issue with the Republicans who are trying so hard to create the impression that the silver question is dead. He says it is the livest issue now before the people, owing to the absolute failure of the Wolcott Commission; that last year thousands of Republicans voted for McKinley, believing that he would do something for silver, and now they know that he will not. Mr. Hartman makes this prediction for 1900: "There will be 2,500,000 free silver Republican votes, 1,500,000 Populist votes and 4,500,000 Democratic votes for the nominee who stands for the identical principles that Mr. Bryan stood for last year."

Representative Livingston, of Ga., who is one of the best friends Cuba has in Congress, does'nt think the outlook good for legislation favorable to Cuba. He thinks there will be a lot of talk but no action.

WEATHER FORECAST.

The Kind of Weather Foster Predicts for the Coming Month.

My last bulletin gave forecasts of the storm wave to cross the continent from November 28 to December 1, and the next will reach the Pacific coast about December 3, cross the west of Rockies country by the close of the 4, great central valleys 5th to 7th, and eastern states 8th.

A warm wave will cross the west of Rockies country about December 3, great central valleys 5th and eastern states 7th. A cool wave will cross the west of Rockies country about December 6, great central valleys 8th and eastern states 10th.

Temperature of the week ending December 4 will average below normal in all parts of the United States east of the Rockies and above normal on the Pacific slope and great western plateau.

Rainfall and snow of the week ending December 4 will be above normal east, and below normal west of the Rockies.

The second disturbance of December will reach the Pacific coast about December 9, cross the west of Rockies country by close of 10th, great central valleys 11th to 13th and eastern states 14th.

A warm wave will cross the west of Rockies country about December 9, great central valleys 11th and eastern states 13th. A cool wave will cross the west of Rockies country about the 12th, great central valleys 14th and eastern states 16th.

Temperature of the week ending December 11 will average, and rainfall will be, below normal east of and above west of the Rockies.

East of the Rockies December temperature will average below, and on the Pacific slope above normal. Most rain and snow will fall in the Ohio valley, in the Atlantic coast states south of New York city and on the Northern Pacific slope. In the balance of the country rainfall will be below normal.

An important cold wave will enter the upper Missouri valley about the first of December, and real winter weather will continue for about two weeks.

This cold wave will affect all of the United States and Canada east of the Rockies, and will be attended by rains, hail, snows and blizzards, not all in one place, but within the countries mentioned.

About December 18 a warm wave will pass eastward over the country, and the remainder of the month will be much milder than the first two weeks.

Interesting Discovery.

One of the interesting discoveries recently announced is the site of an ancient battlefield in Indian Territory near the Arkansas river. Professor Walters, a western archaeologist, who is said to have made the find, declares that the battle occurred about 20,000 years ago between the Mound Builders and the Mayas of Central America, and that fully 75,000 persons were slain. For a space of fully thirty acres the ground is literally covered with the skeletons bearing unmistakable evidence that they came there through the fatalities of battle. Not the least interesting feature of the find is the statement that the skeletons, which were buried in sand, had above them two distinct strata belonging to well-known geological periods, and it is this circumstance on which Professor Walters bases his estimate of the approximate number of years which have elapsed since the battle was fought.

During the past two years, Mrs. J. W. Alexander, wife of the editor of the Waynesboro, Miss. *Times*, has, in a great many instances, relieved her baby when in the first stages of croup, by giving it Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. She looks upon this remedy as a household necessity and believes that no better medicine has ever been put in bottles. There are many thousands of mothers in this broad land, who are of the same opinion. It is the only remedy that can always be depended upon as a preventive and cure for croup. The 25 and 50 cent bottles are for sale by J. H. Ross, Linden Hall, S. M. Swartz, Tusseyville, F. A. Carson, Potters Mills, and H. F. Rossman, Spring Mills.

—If in need of a stylish and dressy suit, it is wise to consult Lewins, Bellefonte, and have him fit you out.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Cullings of More than Ordinary Interest from Everywhere.

Wheat 85 in this market.

Dressed pork $4.50 per 100.

Apples and potatoes are 50 cents.

Beautiful day this, but cold in the morning.

Germany will not send a warship to Hayti to enforce a $200,000 claim.

Snow on Monday forenoon, one inch in depth and third of the season.

Lutheran sociable in the Sabbath school room this evening. All invited.

It was altogether like winter this week; snowsqualls, cold atmosphere and freezing.

A pension has been granted to Wm. A. Tobias, of Millheim, a veteran of the late war.

A half dozen hangings for murders committed went off within the past eight days.

Two million bushels of wheat, corn and oats, were exported from Philadelphia last week.

Prof. Snyder's school will debate the Cuban annexation question, to-morrow, Friday, afternoon.

The grangers are making good use of the present good weather in pushing ahead the work for their new hall.

By going from a quarto into an 8-page sheet, the Lewistown Gazette is greatly improved, as also in other respects.

Seven men died in Mapesville, Ala., from drinking wood alcohol and whisky, and seventeen more are not expected to live.

Accidents from firing guns "that are not loaded," are on tap every day. The guns that are "not loaded" are really the most dangerous.

This town has many youthful graduates in cigarette smoking who between smokes pester their mamas "for a piece of 'lassy bread."

John Stoner, one of Millheim's most worthy citizens, of whose illness we made mention some time ago, we are pleased to learn, is able to be about again.

The Sinking Creek Presbyterian congregation by its attorneys, Fortney & Walker, give notice in the Reporter that application has been made for a charter.

Hiram Grove writes us from Morganza: "Will give expression to the appreciation of your newsy and purely Democratic column by having my label marked in advance."

A Kansas lawyer charged a fee of $25 for collecting a $19 bill, but he generously threw off $6 and called the account square. He understands the ways of the profesh.

Savannah women say that if an ordinance is passed compelling them to take off their hats in church they will demand the enactment of one requiring men to remain awake.

Harry Schope, of Milesburg, fell under a freight train at West Milton Friday night and both his legs were crushed above the knee. He died in the hospital at Williamsport next day.

Ex-judge Riley, brother and son, together with a few other young men, of Boalsburg, returned from their hunting trip to Stone creek, with six deer. This is better luck than any other party had.

Here is the flower for an attractive button hole bouquet: The largest known flower in the world is the "Raffli" of Sumatra, the diameter of which is nine feet, but its odor is worse than that of asafoetida.

The report going in this neighborhood and other parts of the valley, that a young man from this town had been run over and killed near Johnstown, by a train, is not correct. The unfortunate one was a different person.

Manager Garman, of the Bellefonte opera house, had a fine company there last Friday night, the Boston Ladies' Symphony Orchestra, composed of 32 ladies, which drew an unusually full house. Al is always on the watch for the best.

There are now 1,050 convicts in the Western Penitentiary, and 700 of these will be thrown out of employment after January 1, 1898, when the new law regulating the manufacture of goods in prisons goes in effect. Centre county has upwards of a baker's dozen in this brigade.

The Trouble Over.

A prominent man in town said the other day: "My wife has been wearing out her life from the effects of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint and Indigestion. Her case baffled the skill of our best physicians. After using three packages of Bacon's Celery King for the Nerves she is almost entirely well." Keep your blood in a healthy condition by the use of this great vegetable compound. Call at G. H. Longs, Spring Mills, sole agent, and get a trial package free. Large size 50c. and 25c.

THE NEWS.

The New England Burglary Insurance Company, at Boston announced that it had decided to go out of business.

J. P. Morgan & Co., of New York, deny that they have an interest in any proposed consolidation of sewer pipe manufacturers.

Miss Francis E. Willard, President of the National and World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, sailed on the steamer St. Louis for Southampton.

The Grand Jury at St. Louis returned an indictment against John E. Reidy, ex-policeman and Treasurer of the Police Relief Association, who is charged with embezzling $8,000 of the funds of that association.

Capt. Niebauer, General Manager Wilson and Superintendent Schloss, of the Alaska Commercial Company, at Jeffersonville, Ind., are negotiating with Capt. E. J. Howard for the building of four steel steamers for the Yukon River.

Judge George S. Batcheller, of Saratoga, N. Y., appointed by President McKinley a member of the International Tribunal in Egypt, will, with his family, sail from New York on December 11 for Cairo, his future judicial residence.

The Court of Appeals, at Albany, N. Y., dismissed the motion for a reargument of the case of Charles N. Burgess, who was convicted of murder in the first degree for killing a farmer named Whitlock, in Sterling, Cayuga county. Burgess will therefore be electrocuted during the week beginning December 6.

Seth Carter killed his sweetheart, Alberta Brackley, in Galveston, Tex.

The Vanderbilt interests and the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company are reported to be in a scheme for controlling the soft coal markets.

James Manning, a burglar, who, it is said, is wanted in Maryland, escaped from jail at Flemington, N. J.

Neaf Apgar, widely known as a rifle shot, manager of the Pine Point House at Orange Lake, six miles from Newburgh, N. Y., was accidently shot by a friend while out hunting. Apgar was wounded in one of his legs. The physicians hope to be able to save the injured member.

William Horan shot and fatally wounded Allen Griffy, in Goshen, O., in a street quarrel. Horner surrendered himself. He says Griffy had threatened to kill him and was out hunting him when they met. Both are farmers and Griffy was wealthy.

Two men, Robert Henry and Robert Starr, were killed by the explosion of a boiler used to supply steam for three commercial buildings in Rochester, N. Y. Henry was the fireman and Starr, a boiler inspector, was examining the plant when the explosion occurred.

Two sleeping cars on the rear of a West Shore train jumped the tracks in the Buffalo New York Central Yards one of them toppling over on its side. Theresa A. McCarthy, of 462 Frederick Avenue, Detroit, was severely injured and was taken to a hospital.

The schooner Dreadnaught, from New York for Stonington, was run into and sunk by the iron tug John F. Gayner, off Bartlett's Reef. Her crew was saved and landed at New London, Conn.

The Grand Jury at Taunton, Mass., has found indictments against W. Shay and Frank Ford, Common Councilmen of Fall River for soliciting bribes in connection with the awarding of contracts for furnishing a school.

The steamer Marion, from Philadelphia for Ocean City, was disabled off Cold Spring Life-Saving Station by the breaking of her machinery. The crew was brought ashore by the life-saving men.

The department store of Dives, Pomeroy & Stewart, in the heart of Harrisburg, Pa., was robbed of $3,500 in money, and silks to the value of $500. The police have no clue to the robbers.

John O'Neil, Jr., the murderer of Mrs. Hattie E. McCloud, was sentenced at Greenfield, Mass., to be hanged on January 7, 1898.

The silk mill and dyeing establishment at Oxford, Warren County, N. J., was destroyed by fire. Loss about $25,000. There is reason to suspect that the building was set on fire.

Gov. Wolcott, of Massachusetts, was tendered a reception by the business men of Colorado Springs, at the club house of the El Paso Club. About 200 representative citizens were present.

A representative of a French syndicate is at Faribault, Minn., from Paris, to secure from the Orinoco Company, whose headquarters is at Faribault, a portion of the gold territory, on its Venezuelan concessions.

The explosion of the engine and boiler of John Edwards' steam mill, at Louisville, Miss., caused the death of Frank Woodward, Jim Hemphill, and Fayette Norton. Several others were injured.

The merchants' organization of San Francisco have telegraphed to Charles H. Cramp, of Philadelphia, urging the advantages of San Francisco as the southern terminus of the Alaskan steamer line to be established by the Cramps.

Lieut. W. D. Hughes, of the United States Navy, has been attached to the naval militia of California. His special duties will be to instruct the men of the six divisions of the battalion in drill and the tactics of naval warfare.

The articles of incorporation of the Crockett Sugar Refinery have been filed at San Francisco; capital, $2,500,000. The directors are Louis Stoss, R. R. Rithel, George W. McNear, Jr., George E. Fairchild, C. M. Cooke, and O. M. Vesper.

Out of 400 tests of sugar beets made at the South Dakota experiment station, at Brookings, many give over 20 per cent. sugar. Some farms gave as high as 22 and 23.5 per cent. These are believed to be the most remarkable beet tests ever made.

The Building Trades' Council, of San Francisco, has adopted resolutions petitioning Congress to suspend all immigration to this country for at least the period of ten years, that the great army of unemployed may have the opportunity of earning an existence.

F. A. Kruger, one of three sailors charged with attempting to burn up the whaling bark John Winthrop, in Bering Sea, so as to get a chance to go to the Klondyke, has been discharged at San Francisco, on account of lack of evidence, his two alleged accomplices having retracted their sensational confessions.

A New B. & O. Bridge.

Quite a number of miles of new 80lb. steel rail has been laid on the Columbus and Newark division of the B & O., replacing 67lb. rail. Almost half a mile of trestle has been converted into an embankment on the same division. Other improvements on the B. & O. lines, west of the Ohio river, include a four span steel bridge 900 feet long across the Huskingum river, at Zanesville, and two iron bridges on the Midland division.

A new passenger and freight depot has been bu at Wooster and a new freight house at Bellaire.

DUEL TO DEATH.

J. W. Harris, His Brother and G. B. Gerald Participants.

ALL PROMINENT MEN.

The Fusillade Opened by J. W. Harris, Editor of the Waco Times-Herald, Who Fired on Judge Gerald—The Latter Returned the Fire, and Then W. A. Harris Joined in the Fray.

A special to the St. Louis Republic from Waco says: J. W. Harris, editor of the Waco Times-Herald, a morning paper, and W. A. Harris, his brother, on one side, and Judge C. B. Gerald, a prominent citizen, fought a duel to the death on the street at at 5 o'clock Friday afternoon. W. A. Harris was shot dead, J. W. Harris wounded fatally, his body being paralyzed, and Gerald shot in the side and may die. The trouble was the outcome of the mobbing of W. C. Brann, publisher of the Iconoclast.

Gerald was ex-county judge and one of Waco's most prominent citizens. He had written a bitter criticism on Baylor University with reference to the recent mobbing of W. C. Brann and had filed it with Editor Harris for publication. Afterward he asked to have his manuscript returned and became incensed at the editor's delay in complying. Bad feeling resulted and when Judge Gerald was crossing the street at the corner of Fourth and Austin streets at five o'clock Editor Harris came out of a drug store and opened fire upon him. Gerald immediately drew his revolver and returned the fire.

Hearing the shooting W. A. Harris came up on the scene and took a hand in the fusillade, shooting Gerald from behind. Gerald pursued him in the drug store, shooting as he ran. Harris fell to the floor with the words:

"You shot me in the back."

Gerald emptied the remaining chambers in his weapon into the prostrate form of his victim, killing him on the spot. He then left the scene.

A little colored boy who stood near, was shot in the leg by a stray bullet.

Editor Harris was carried into the drug store by friends. His wife and daughter were notified, and were soon at his side. The scene was pitiful, the wife and daughter weeping, while the husband and father lay prostrate unable to move a muscle of his body or speak. His windpipe had been severed by a bullet, which injured his spinal column. He was removed to his home, but cannot live.

Judge Gerald was wounded in his neck and side. While serious, his wounds cannot be said to be necessarily fatal.

The excitement is very great and public opinion seems to be divided.

WHITE HOUSE RECEPTIONS.

A Decided Innovation Arranged for 1898 to Avoid Crowds.

A despatch from Washington, D. C., says:—The official programme for the receptions of 1898 at the White House by President and Mrs. McKinley has been issued. It is as follows:

January 1, Saturday—President's public reception, 11 A. M. to 1.30 P. M.

January 5, Wednesday—Diplomatic, judicial and congressional reception, 9 to 11 P. M.

January 7, Friday—Cabinet dinner, 8 P. M.

January 12, Wednesday—Diplomatic dinner 8 P. M.

January 19, Wednesday—Judicial and congressional reception, 9 to 11 P. M.

January 26, Wednesday—Supreme Court dinner, 8 P. M.

February 2, Wednesday—Army and navy reception, 9 to 11 P. M.

February 9, Wednesday—Congressional, diplomatic and judicial reception, 9 to 11 P. M.

February 16, Wednesday—Public reception, 9 to 11 P. M.

Invitations will not include all the receptions, but during the season all persons in official life will be invited.

The official programme for the division of the receptions says:

"January 5, Wednesday—The diplomatic corps. The Supreme Court. The Congress.

"January 19, Wednesday—The Supreme Court and judiciary. Part of the Congress. Part of the press.

"February 2, Wednesday—The army. The navy and marine corps. Part of Congress. Part of the press.

"February 9, Wednesday—Part of Congress. The diplomatic corps. The judiciary. Part of the press. Government officials.

"All of these events, excepting New Year's reception and the public receptions, will be by card invitation. Only those invited will be present, but all who are entitled will be given an opportunity to be present at least once during the season. The avoidance of excessive and dangerous crowding will add to the attractiveness of all the receptions."

This is a decided change from the previous official receptions, when invitations included all persons in official life for all the receptions. It is stated that the division has been made to avoid large crowds at the receptions, but it is an innovation that doubtless will cause considerable animated talk in Washington society circles.

FIRE IN MELBOURNE.

A Block of Business Houses in the Australian City Destroyed.

A great fire broke out in Melbourne and in a very short space of time did enormous damage. It started in the warehouse of Craig Williamson, in Elizabeth street, in the very heart of the city. A strong wind was blowing and the fiercely fanned flames rapidly engulfed building after building. Despite the desperate efforts of the firemen, the entire block bounded by Elizabeth, Flinders and Swanston streets and Flinders lane, with the exception of two buildings on the Swanston street front, were destroyed within three hours.

The burned section included many of the largest business houses in Melbourne. The buildings were completely gutted. As most of them contained soft goods the flames progressed with a rapidity which defied all checking, and in the furious wind ashes and burning debris were carried into the suburbs a distance of two miles.

It is estimated that the loss will reach £1,000,000 ($5,000,000,) while the trade in soft goods has received a serious setback. Hundreds of employes of all sorts have been suddenly thrown out of employment.

Melbourne is the capital of the British colony of Victoria, in Southeast Australia. The city's population in 1891 was 491,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Spanish cabinet received a letter from Minister Woodford expresing the satisfaction and gratitude of the United States government at the release of the Competitor prisoners, who were delivered by Marshal Blanco to Consul-General Lee at Havana.

Dispatches from Madrid announce the surrender of all the important insurgent chiefs in the Philippine Islands and the complete pacification of the colony.

Signor Giuseppe Verdi, the composer, is prostrated by the death of his wife, and serious results are feared.

Sir Henry Doulton, head of the firm of Doulton & Co., Lambeth potteries, is dead.

General Weyler arrived at Coruna, Spain, but continued to Barcelona without landing.

A dispatch from Havana to a Madrid newspaper says there is not a single sign o the submission of the Cuban insurgents.

Fire in London destroyed a hundred and fifty large warehouses, causing a loss of about $25,000,000. The historic St. Giles Church, containing the tomb of John Milton, was badly damaged.

In the Chamber of Deputies at Montevido, Uruguay, Dr. Herra Obes demanded the resignation of President Cuestas.

The government of Canada has decided to send a commission to Washington to try and reach a settlement of questions pending between Canada and the United States.

Mello, the soldier, who tried to kill President Moraes, of Brazil has made a written confession involving many well-known officials in the plot.

Eight persons were crushed to death in a panic at a circus near Kovna, Poland.

The Turkish government has yielded to the demands of Austria for satisfaction for indignities to an Austrian merchant in Mersina.

Count Esterhazy has demanded an investigation in connection with the case of Captain Dreyfus.

A fierce struggle is in progress in London between those who favor the introduction of religious teaching in the schools and those who oppose it.

Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, in receiving the Hungarian delegation, referred to the said shaping of Austria's relations with Russia on an additional guarantee of peace.

The National Union of Conservative Associations favors a royal residence in Ireland.

Prof. W. H. von Riehl, the publicist and historian, died in Munich, Bavaria, aged seventy-five years.

John Frazer's claim to the Lorat peerage was dismissed by the Court of Session at Edinburgh.

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

"I am the Father of the Faithful, and you are the most beloved of my children," said the Pope to the Irish pilgrims.

His health permitting, Mr. Gladstone meditates an important biographical work, embracing the lives of most of the distinguished modern divines; but there are disquieting rumors in circulation is to the marked manner in which old age and infirmities are growing upon the "Grand Old Man."

Zitler, who began life as a butcher lad, and who for years has been the most successful purveyor to the midnight pleasures of Paris, died suddenly in his luxurious flat on the Rue St. Lazare. He was proprietor of the Jardin de Paris, of the switchback railroad near the Madeline, and of the notorious Moulin Rouge.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson and his daughter, Mme. Berglich Ibsen, recently gave in Copenhagen an evening of reading and music. The Norwegian poet disclosed, notwithstanding his 65 years, a remarkable powerful and resonant voice, and his reading of several poems of Victor Hugo that he had translated into Norwegian prose was much applauded.

Prince Radziwell, who is the owner of Park of Ermenonville, Isle des Peupliers, is now restoring the tomb of Jean Jacques in that park. It has been said that the philosopher's body was never removed from the Isle des Peupliers, and that the bones now in the Pantheon in Paris are those of animals. The restoration of the tomb will give an opportunity to settle the matter definitely.

William C. Todd, of Atkinson, N. H., has endowed the Boston Public Library with $2,000 a year for the purchase of newspapers. Mr. Todd says he is "impressed with the increasing importance and influence of newspapers and the great demand for them by all classes of the community." He gives the money on the simple condition that the whole annual interest on the $50,000 be expended for newspaper subscriptions.

Wm. B. Howell, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, was a messenger boy in the Department 15 years ago.

Henry Ward Beecher always used to break down when asked—as he was every Sunday when a boy—to recite the catechism.

Miss Susan Randall, daughter of the late Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania, is a clerk in the Friends' Library in Germantown, Pa.

Chauncey M. Depew never drinks anything at a banquet except the driest kind of champagne, and if he is to speak he drinks no wine at all until after he has finished his speech. Two glasses of brut champagne are usually his limit.

A bust of Charles Stewart Parnell has just been added to the National Portrait Gallery, London. It is the work of Miss Mary Grant, and was hung in the great British gallery of celebrities on the sixth anniversary of the death of the great Irish leader.

Mrs. Elizabeth Strange, who died recently in Lamont, Ia., was the widow of the famous James Jessee Strange, who 40 years ago became the self-elected successor of Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet, and King of Beaver Island, Mich.

Massenet's new opera "Sappo," based on Alphonse Daudet's romance, which will be sung in Paris shortly with Calve in the principal part, is another illustration of feminine wild blood. French novelists, composers and librettists of the day seem unable to find any other theme.

It is said that the Princess of Wales is becoming extremely sensitive to the effects of music, and that there is one air, from an oratorio, to which she can never listen without shedding tears. As a young girl the Princess used to practice the piano a great deal, and could spend many happy hours alone with the instrument.

President Stryker, of Hamilton College, in a recent address, threw out a hint that is worthy of consideration by those who are prone to excessive pride in circumstances of birth. "We ought," he said, "to think more of what our ancestors would think of us than of what we think of them.

Artillery Wagon Exploded.

An artillery wagon loaded with power and gun cotton, exploded at Mexico City, Mex., killing four men and wounding eight soldiers and citizens fatally, and shaking the ground for many blocks.

WAR ON FEVER GERMS.

Officials Trying to Prevent an Outbreak Next Year.

DISINFECTING SQUAD.

The Occupants are Made to Take a Bath In Solution of Bichloride of Mercury and Don Clothing Brought From the Outside, Then They Leave and the Squad Begins a Process.

A despatch from New Orleans, La., says:—The yellow fever may now be considered to have been suppressed here. There are a few new cases each day, but these are generally mild, and in another week the disease is expected to have been obliterated as far as New Orleans is concerned.

In the past there has always been a recurrence of the fever the year following an outbreak. This has has been due to the fact that clothing or bedding alive with germs, which has been packed away in boxes or trunks during the winter was brought out again in the spring, starting the disease on a new career with a long summer ahead in which to work its ravages. It is a well-known fact that the germs cannot live in a temperature as low as 50 degrees above zero, or in the sunlight, but packed away in dark corners and in rooms where the temperature is never allowed to drop to 50, they propagate at a tremendous rate, and on the first appearance of warm weather begin their insidious work.

Acting on the belief, the authorities have been bending all their energies toward the destruction of the germs. Wherever a house has been infected the disinfecting corps was dispatched to the place to disinfect it as soon as the patient recovered or died. This was a thorough process, and it proved effective, for not once this year has the fever reappeared in the same house unless taken there from a new source of infection.

A disinfecting squad consists of four men. The occupants of the house to be disinfected are made to take a bath in a solution of bichloride of mercury and to don clothing taken to them from the outside. Then they leave the house, while the squad hermetically seals each room, and through the keyhole of the door injects into the room a solution of fromaldehyde gas. This gas is said to be the best disinfectant known, and it permeates every nook and corner of the room and every article of clothing. From three to five hours are required to disinfect a house in this manner.

There is a belief that all cases of the fever were not reported, and thus some infected houses may have escaped disinfection. But the authorities are urging upon the people generally the necessity of opening their houses upon the appearance of cold weather, so as to allow the cold air to penetrate every nook and corner, and also clothing, thus giving some assurance that where the disinfecting corps could not be sent the work of germ-killing will go on. There are a hundred men engaged in the work of systematic disinfection, and they will continue at it as long as there is any vestige of fever in the city.

One of the principal lessons of the fever has been the efficacy of thorough quarantine. While it is true that in some sections of the city the house quarantines were not as thorough as they should have been, there are several other sections where it has proved extremely effective. If the fever is discovered in its incipiency, there is not the slightest doubt among the leading sanitarians and physicians here that it can be stamped out without the development of another case.

FORCE OF NITRO-GLYCERINE.

The Explosion Nearly Wiped an Indiana Town from the Map.

Chesterfield, Ind., was almost wiped off the map by the explosion of eighty quarts of nitro-glycerine, which had been brought overland from Monpelier and placed in an open field, a half a mile from the town. Marion Mansey and Sam Maguire were working at a gas well near by when the explosion occurred. Mansey was thrown fifty feet, but not seriously injured. Maguire was also thrown a hundred feet in the air and badly lacerated, but will recover. James Gold's house, 300 rods distant, was torn to pieces. The explosion tore a hole in the ground down the water line. So far as learned the explosion was spontaneous. A three-ton engine was torn to fragments, and every living animal was killed instantly. The little town of Chesterfield is a mass of ruins; every house was moved from its foundations, windows shattered, doors smashed in, every light put out, and the plastering shaken from the walls. Several people were shaken out of bed.

At Dalesville, two miles away, and at Yorktown, five miles distant, the damage was almost as great. Many people were injured, and it is a miracle that none were killed outright.

The jar of the explosion was felt for fifteen miles in all directions. The gas in the well was blown out, and a workman named Cooper lit it, and caused another explosion, in which he was fatally burned. The damage cannot be estimated.

PRISONERS REBEL.

A Fierce Fight Between Them and a Sheriff's Posse.

Nineteen prisoners confined in the Gibson county, Ind., jail declared themselves in open revolt against Sheriff Murphy. For several days threats have been made by the prisoners, and the sheriff had been warned. The men declared they would have more food or kill the sheriff. A posse of deputies were placed outside the jail, while Sheriff Murphy entered the building alone. As soon as he closed the door the prisoners, headed by John Boger, a notorious criminal, rushed upon him, and were about to carry out their threats, when the posse rescued the sheriff. A fierce fight ensued between Boger and Murphy, and Boger was beaten almost into insensibility and then thrown into a cell. When the prisoner saw their leader worsted they were suppressed without further trouble. Boger declared he will kill Sheriff Murphy.

An Old Woman Choked to Death.

Mrs. Caroline Abke, aged 70 years, who lived alone near Leavenworth, Kan., was found dead in her house by a son. Marks on her neck indicated that she had been choked to death. A lock on an outside door had been broken, apparently by burglars, and the house ransacked. Mr. Abke was eccentric and was believed to possess considerable money.

The revenue cutter Bear sailed from Seattle, Wash., to the relief of the ice-bound whalers.

A PHEASANT FARM.

HOW GREAT NUMBERS OF THE BIRDS ARE REARED IN ENGLAND.

A Large Farm Divided Into Numerous Paddocks---Movable Pens---Disposition of the Eggs---Carrying the Laying Hens to Breakfast.

The pheasant is on the wing, and powder and shot are in the air, says the London Sketch. Where do the pheasants come from? Few people can tell you that. There is a vague idea that the birds are creatures of nature pure and simple. On the contrary, an enormous number of them are reared by the artificial processes of the pheasant farmer. One of the largest pheasant farms in the kingdom is that of Messrs. Dwight, Great Berkhampstead, while another is Mr. Montagu Robb's, at Petersfield, on the Hampshire Downs. The first essential for pheasant rearing is plenty of space. Thus, for instance, Mr. Robb's farm covers an area of about 400 acres, which is divided into large paddocks, with six-foot wire netting; there is over twelve miles of netting on the estate, and if the wire pens, which are spreads in orderly ranges over the hillsides, were placed end to end, they would form a line about seven miles long. If confined to one spot the birds "stale" the ground and disease makes its appearance. Hence, whether at large in the inclosures or imprisoned in the pens, they have to be constantly moved, and the ground allowed to rest. As they pen between 6,000 and 7,000 pheasants every season at Petersfield and Lipkook in family narties of six, one cock to five hens, and as each pen, thirty or forty feet long, made in nine-foot sections has to be moved once a week to cover at least one-third of fresh ground, you can form an idea of the labor entailed by moving alone.

In the early spring the stock is distributed thus in the pens. All that is required of the hen pheasants is that they shall be good layers, improvidence in the matter of family is encouraged by removing the eggs from the run as they are laid, whence the birds, we may suppose, lose count, and instead of depositing a modest dozen or eighteen, lay as many as forty eggs in the season. The business divides itself naturally into two distinct parts. The great demand for pheasants' eggs by the owners of shootings, creates the part we will deal with first. The packing is done by the keepers' wives, who are paid by the thousand eggs, and, it may be added, there are always more applicants for this work than there are vacancies. Eggs range in price from $25 per hundred in the earlier weeks of the season to half that price in June, the anxiety of shooting men to have well-grown birds for the autumn explaining the difference to a large extent. Broadly speaking, the birds lay from mid-April until the middle of June; from that time the supply falls off rapidly, but a few eggs are found so late as mid-September. Though such an immense number are sent away, several thousands are retained for breeding purposes, as the stock is practically replenished each year.

The nursery operations at Messrs. Dwight's are intrusted to a staff of 600 trustworthy domestic hens; the laying birds are kept in a huge collection of pens, each inclosure being about twenty-four feet square, with barred sides nine feet high, the whole covering several acres of ground. The birds and their eggs have to be carefully watched and guarded, several huts, locally known at "bird houses," being placed in a field. In these the watchers take up their quarters, and several dogs are also chained in the field, some in a rather uncommon manner. On the outside of the pens a strong wire rope is stretched from one end of the field to the other. On this is a loose-fitting ring, to which the dog is fastened. Thus he is able to make his way from point to point, and woe betide the poacher, be he two- legged or four, that attempts to scale or creep the fence.

The eggs, which are collected twice a day, are of a creamy brown color, and the shells are much thicker than one would expect, to judge from their appearance. For hatching purposes they are, in "clutches of nineteen," placed beneath broody hens, who occupy tiers of boxes in a large roomy barn. All the birds must be taken from the nest by hand once in twenty-four hours. The early morning is the time selected for this purpose, and at 5.30 a. m. every day during the month of May a row of boys, "armed with cluckers," may be seen carrying the reluctant hens to breakfast, lunch and dinner, all in one combined meal. I say reluctant hens, because your good broody hen never appears willing to leave her precious eggs, but in various ways expresses her indignation at being disturbed, now in a shrill falsetto, or with a hoarse "Cluck, cluck, cluck!" To loosen all these enraged females together would never do, for when they were mixed the wisest man in the world could not tell which was which, neither could he catch them within a week. So stakes are driven in the ground; attached to these are loose-fitting loops of string, each with a slip knot at the end, by which the hens are secured, and within the limits of their string they can do as they like for fifteen minutes.

When the young birds are hatched they are taken to a large meadow in which long lanes have been mown either in the grass or clover. Here, at intervals of about twenty feet, are placed some 600 coops. To these the foster mothers are tethered; their experience during the hatching time has accustomed them to the stake, and they generally settle quietly down with their charges. The latter soon make themselves at home, using the long, unmown grass for shelter from the midday sun, and the coop and foster mother for the same purpose when it rains. Of course, they are attentively watched and cherished by the birdmen, who reside in the field, and feed their charges three or four times a day. About the end of August they are ready for sale and removal to the covert. Here they will grow wilder still, and when the leaves are turning yellow and the noise of the sporting gun is heard in the land they will take to their wings and fly as high and with as much skill as their wilder brothers. The most experienced sportsman cannot tell the difference; he will always find there is plenty of room to miss them.

CORN MAKES GOOD FUEL.

So Say Farmers Who Have Been Making the Trial.

There is an interesting discussion going on among farmers as to the value of corn as fuel. Many of them claim that corn is far superior to coal. Others say that they do not like the idea of using a food such as corn for fuel. Levi Gardner, a prominent farmer, speaking on this subject, said:

"I have proved after considerable experience that corn makes a better and cheaper fuel than coal. Last fall I had ten acres of corn. From this crop I not only had sufficient fuel for winter and spring use, but I also fed two of my horses and one cow with corn for the same length of time."

J. C. Beach, an old settler here, spoke in similar terms. He said: "One winter I traded a large quantity of my corn for wood. I have always regretted that transaction. The wood burned up much more quickly than the corn would have done. Corn gives out a great deal more heat per pound than either wood or coal. Corn is a clean fuel. It burns with an intense heat. Some people don't like the idea of burning corn. They say it is meant for food and not for fuel. But what does that matter if it saves them money?

"Corn as a fuel has two disadvantages. First, it gives out such intense heat that it is liable to injure the stove; second, a bin full of corn always attracts rats to a house. The first difficulty can be removed with a suitable stout stove. The second with a few traps and cats. At the present prices of corn and coal I believe it pays the farmer to burn corn."

One of the most thrifty and successful farmers of this neighborhood is John Anderson. He said: "There is no doubt that when coal is dear and corn cheap farmers should use corn for fuel. If the burning of corn became common it would surely tend to lower the price of coal. I use corn for cooking purposes, and think it far ahead of coal. A farmer can grow a crop of corn on the same land again and again, but he can't raise a coal crop. I raise enough corn for feeding and fueling purposes. This combination is, I think, the best and most economical for farmers."—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

Stick to the Ship.

Some time since the Canadian Government issued a notice to the effect that wrecks do not break up rapidly on the coast of Vancouver Island. Seamen were cautioned that in the event of approaching shipwreck to stay by the vessel as long as possible, because all loss of life in the past had been caused through attempting to get ashore, or through exposure after landing.

Quite recently a large British sailing vessel was off the coast of Vancouver Island. For three days a dense fog prevailed, and the captain lost his bearings. Suddenly the roar of breakers was heard and two anchors were let go. One of the cables parted as the ship rounded about 100 feet from the rocks. As the other cable was in imminent danger of parting, it was decided to lower the boats. One after another they were dropped from the davits, only to be smashed to pieces. At last one of the lifeboats was floated, and in it thirty-six members of the crew tried to reach the shore. The boat was repeatedly capsized, and it was little short of a miracle that the men succeeded in landing. On the following morning the weather moderated, and, to their great surprise, the crew found that the vessel was still holding fast by one anchor. Shortly afterward the wind shifted, and the crew boarded the vessel again, and, hoisting sail, moved away from the seemingly perilous place.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A New Hampshire Sign.

In an English periodical—always a reliable source of information concerning things American—it is said that this sign appears on a lonely roadside in New Hampshire: "Get married here, but buy your boots and shoes of Day & Hubbard, Nashua." The tree to which the sign is attached is in the dooryard of a neat little white house, and the inquiring stranger learns that "Elder" Palmer, who lives here, has a mania and a record for marrying runaway couples. His house is the first Gretna Green for the whole State, and the old minister has a record of hundreds of marriages. For many years his pet hobby has been known to the entire county, but the taking advantage of his sign for advertising purposes was the brilliant idea of a wandering sign-artist, who never so much as asked "By your leave" of the "Elder," who, instead of being indignant, was delighted, as he has become famous through his combination sign, for not only have his weddings increased, but the grateful boot and shoe firm pays him a tidy little sum each year.

Menelik, of Abyssinia, has been made a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George by the British Government.

A red-hot iron will soften old putty so that it can be readily removed.

SHARING.

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? Rise
and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine
it shall serve thee and thy brother.
Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or
thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often make a
royal meal for two:
For the heart grows rich in giving; all
its wealth is living grain:
Seeds that mildew in the garner, scat-
tered fill with gold the plain.

THE OUTCAST.

Lilian Fernlie sat in her luxurious little boudoir, one sunny afternoon, lost in gloomy meditation.

When a young girl in the zenith of her youth and beauty, blessed with a superabundance of all worldly advantages, and surrounded by myriads of devoted relatives and friends, sits brooding alone, the inevitable conclusion is that she is secretly fretting over the delinquencies of some man The man in this case was well born and well bred, wealthy and distinguished in his profession. For five years he had courted her society assiduously, showered gifts upon her, spoken to her tenderly—done everything, in short, except ask her to be his wife."

"Why, why, why?"

Yes, Gilbert Carlowe's glance, his touch, his voice, all told her that he loved her, and yet he put her resolutely from him. She felt this instinctively.

Lilian threw herself back into her chair, and cried long and bitterly. She was contemplating her tear disfigured face in the mirror when her maid tapped at the door.

"Come in," she said, huskily.

"If you please, Miss, Mr. Carlowe is in the drawing-room, and begs you will favor him with a few words at once."

"I cannot go to him like this, Leonard," her mistress cried, facing her in dismay.

"Dear me, miss! Are you ill?"

"No, no!" cried Lilian impatiently. "Make me as presentable as you can."

The maid brought some eau de cologne and water to bathe her flushed face, and with a few deft touches made her pretty white gown the perfection of neatness. All was done in a few minutes.

Lilian was only a little paler than was quite natural to her, and the great blue eyes a trifle dim, when she opened the drawing room door. But he noticed it at once.

"I fear you are not well, Miss Fernlie," he said, as he came eagerly forward with outstretched hand.

She put her hand in his for one brief moment.

"There is nothing serious the matter with me," she said, as she took a chair and motioned him to one opposite. 'I have been a little upset, that is all."

"I am grieved to hear it."

"Thank you."

Silence followed, during which they both diligently studied the carpet.

"I wonder," he began, breaking the awkward pause, "whether what I am about to say will cause you one-half the pain, Miss Fernlie, that it has caused, is causing, and ever will cause me. You have given me no reason to think that it will, and yet—forgive me—I cannot help hoping so."

The beautiful pale face opposite him flushed. The hesitating words: "I wonder whether"—"you have given me no reason to think"—were music to her ears.

She inclined her head for him to go on.

"Will you listen to the story of my life, Miss Fernlie?" he asked. "May I presume upon your goodness to burden you with a sad tale? I did so want a little sympathy and encouragement to go on doing my duty. May I look for both from you?"

"Yes, Mr. Carlowe," she said, quietly; "you have both from me."

Without a moment's pause he plunged into his narrative.

"I am not what I seem, Miss Fernlie," he said. "You believe me to be Gilbert Carlowe, the only child of the late Mr. and Mrs. Carlowe, of Carlton Gardens, London. In reality my name is Joseph Brown, and I was once a beggar boy in the streets of London whom Mr. and Mrs. Carlowe—God bless them!—picked up and reared because I bore a resemblance to their son."

He paused and raised his eyes reluctantly to her face. He longed to see what effect his confession was having upon her, and yet he could not help shrinking from putting his doubts to the proof.

The shock of the truth had dyed her face crimson, but her dilated eyes met his as frankly and as kindly as of old.

"Mr. and Mrs. Carlowe lived in London for some time after their marriage. One winter's evening (when their boy, Gilbert, was about ten years old) they were walking home, the child on the other side of his mother, when I, attracted by Mrs. Carlowe's benevolent face, stopped her and begged of her earnestly. I was in rags and cold and hungry. My miserable condition would have touched that tender heart under any circumstances, I am sure, but I doubt if it would have procured me more than a few pitying words, and the money wherewith to refresh and clothe myself, if it had not been backed by the fact that I was startlingly like her little son.

"The moment I attracted their attention, both husband and wife started and exchanged glances. 'Like Gilbert!' they said simultaneously; and then they turned involuntarily from contemplating the ragged, barefoot, attenuated little urchin, crying from cold and hunger, and looked at their son. The contrast between us was the key that opened the portals of an undreamed of life for me.

"They questioned me. All I could tell them was that my name was Joseph Brown, and that I was nine years old; that my parents (both working people) had recently died and left me to the care of my mother's sister; that my aunt had a large family of her own to work for, and, not liking the additional incubus, sent me out to beg for my living. They took my address, and promised that I should see them on the morrow.

"The next day they appeared in our squalid dwelling, and offered to relieve my aunt of any further care and anxiety on my account, by adopting me. She gladly accepted their offer. They took me away with them at once; and after I had been humanized by some weeks of Mr. Carlowe's supervision, they sent me to an excellent boarding school near London, where they had placed their son."

"Gilbert Carlowe and I remained at that school eight years; then he went to Oxford, and after Mr. and Mrs. Carlowe had kindly discussed my future with me, I was sent to a college in Paris to learn the ins and outs of business and to become conversant with the language. I remained there for a year, and then Mr. Carlowe came over, introduced me to a prominent firm, and got me a good position, with every chance of promotion if I showed myself deserving. It was a splendid start in life for a young man of eighteen who had sprung from the gutter. On the second anniversary of my connection with the firm, Mr. and Mrs. Carlowe came to Paris, and they brought me startling news. Their son—just of age—had come into a fortune left him by an uncle, had thrown up his professional career (he was studying for the bar), and set off to the wilds of western America to enjoy life according to his own fancy. His deserted parents had come to Paris to live; for old friends and familiar scenes but kept their grief alive, and in their bitter disappointment they turned to me—for was I not their second son?

"One year passed—two, and they received no tidings of him; and then I saw that their hearts were gradually hardening against him. Two more years of silence dawned and closed, and, in their hearts, they were done with him forever. The next year brought the news of his sudden death in the form of an illiterate letter from some obscure person with whom he had been associated in his last days. To my surprise his decease was not made public, and very soon afterwards I was called to hold a private conference with his parents, and told the reason why.

"I was told to take the dead man's name and position, and follow his footsteps to the bar. Joseph Brown's obscure origin might injure him professionally and socially; Gilbert Carlowe's would bear the closest investigation. He had repudiated their love; I had repaid it to the best of my ability, and I was now to reap my reward. Their interest and pleasure in life was henceforth centered in me. In the eyes of the world I should be their son in name and position as well as in heart, and, with my ability and integrity, I was to apply the antidote to all the disappointment their own flesh and blood had made them suffer, by enabling them to say, when by these means I had made myself famous: 'He is our son.'

"What right had I to question the policy of their design? My life was theirs to do what they pleased with.

"Well, Mr. Carlowe had an interview with his old friend, the head partner of the firm where I was employed, and explained the case to him. They were sorry to lose me at the firm; I had earned the good opinion of my masters, and my promotion had not been slow. Oh, God, that I had remained there—simple Joseph Brown to the end of my days!"

His emotion made him pause. Lilian's hands were locked fast together. She leaned forward in her chair with drooping head, waiting with painful interest for him to proceed.

"Before we could leave Paris," he went on hastily, "a terrible calamity overtook us in the illness of Mrs. Carlowe. Her death followed speedily, and her husband did not long survive her.

"Before he died, he exacted a solemn vow from me that after his death I would proceed at once to London as his son Gilbert Carlowe (whose identity I was pledged ever afterwards to maintain) and begin my studies for the bar. He showed me his will, in which he bequeathed everything to me as his only son, Gilbert Carlowe. A few days afterwards, I followed him to the grave; and then, with a crushed heart, I set off for England.

"Well, at the age of twenty-five, and in my new character of Gilbert Carlowe, I began to study for the bar. Mrs. Carlowe had always lived a retired life, and Gilbert Carlowe had been a most unsociable fellow, so there was no friend to storm my position. My likeness to him was as strong as ever, and no obstacles presented themselves in my assumption of the role. People merely concluded that Gilbert Carlowe had rejoined his parents in Paris, and had been living there with them. That he should have neglected his professional studies for five years and then taken to them with renewed ardor was set down to his eccentricity. About the time I began my studies, I bought Clifton Park here. The purchase of the place led to the greatest privilege and happiness that has fallen or ever can fall to my lot—the privilege and happiness of knowing you, Miss Fernlie. Well, in due time I was called to the bar, and during the five years I have been in practice success has attended my efforts. This you know, through our friendship of five years. I had just been called to the bar when you returned from finishing your education abroad. Do you remember the dinner your mother gave in honor of your return, and that I was among the guests?"

She half raised her head; a faint glow showed itself on her face.

"Yes," she said; "I have forgotten nothing."

"Miss Fernlie, it was while you were talking to me after our introduction that the sting of my false position first came bitterly home to me. I have felt it in your presence more or less ever since. When we got to know each other better—when—when I began to love you——" He stopped, and then after a little went on. She could not look at him, but she felt his eyes upon her. She hid her face in her hands. "I longed," he went on brokenly, "to unburden my heart of the truth, and thus end our friendship and my misery. But I owed Mr. and Mrs. Carlowe silence. If the thought ever crossed my mind that you might marry Gilbert Carlowe, I shrank from it in horror. No, no! There was a limit to my assumption of his personality, and my love was beyond it. As far as marriage was concerned, Gilbert Carlowe was dead, and the identity of the outcast has passed out of his keeping. Who was I that I could ask any woman to be my wife? Miss Fernlie, I should have continued to love you silently to the last hour of my life—if the truth had not burst to light and blasted my career and my good name, innocent though I am!"

She raised her hand and looked at him affrightedly. His agony was terrible to see. She had been weeping, for her cheeks were wet with tears, but she was past caring for appearances.

"What has happened?" she asked, shiveringly.

He left his chair, knelt at her feet, and took her cold hands in his.

"The dead man has come to life!" he gasped. "Gilbert Carlowe is in London! He has heard of his parents' death and seen the will—the will leaves, as I have told you, everything to their only son Gilbert Carlowe. He can prove his identity—but there is no need of that. I will gladly hand him over the fortune he covets, now that he has run through his own."

"But the letter!" she cried.

"The letter was a piece of malice on the part of one of his associates. It was written that his patrimony might pass from him, and that he might have trouble in regaining it when he discovered the fraud. But the money is nothing to me; the worst is yet to be told. He has openly declared that I have taken advantage of the likeness between us to fraudulently represent him. This libel has gained general credence. The necessary investigation by the Inner Temple, where I was called to the bar, has followed. I could make no defense. Mr. and Mrs. Carlowe, who would have saved my character, are dead! The partners of the firm I worked for in Paris are dead; There was no one else to appeal to. My account of myself went for nothing, unsupported. I am disbarred—ruined, ruined, ruined!"

It was a dreadful cry to hear. He rose and walked to the window, and stood there, looking vacantly into the garden, until calmness returned to him. Then he approached the girl once more. She was lying nervelessly back in her chair, and her eyes were closed.

"Miss Fernlie," he said, as she started and looked up at him through her tears, "if I had really been Gilbert Carlowe, you alone on earth would have had the power to drive me from you. But Joseph Brown—once more a penniless outcast, with an additional burden to bear in the shape of a stain laid on his lowly name—can only humbly bid you farewell."

Lilian rose. As they looked into each other's white, set face, their hearts seemed to die within them. She put her trembling hand in his. They stood thus for some moments; then he bent his head over her hand, touched it tenderly with his lips, dropped it and turned away. Lilian stood for a second or so where he had left her, absolutely powerless. So this was the end as he saw it! Could she let it be the end, too?

The instant her heart put forth that plea, her lost vitality returned to her. It was a long room, and he had not yet reached the door. She flew past him, and setting her back against it,. faced him breathlessly.

"You must make another beginning," she panted. "You have made the name of Gilbert Carlowe famous; now do the same by Joseph Brown."

He laughed bitterly.

"People are not inclined to appreciate ability that has been exhibited under another man's name and backed by another man's wealth," he said. "Besides, I am without present resources, and who will trust me now?"

"I will," she said.

He steadied himself against a neighboring chair and passed his hand across his dazed eyes.

She came nearer to him, and stood with downcast eyes and drooping head, within a few inches of him.

"I love you better than you love me," she said, "for, Carlowe or Brown, you alone on earth have the power to turn me from you. I would rather be your wife than—empress of the world!"

He stood transfigured. Then he clasped his hands resolutely behind him, and spoke to her calmly. She knew the effort it was costing him.

"God bless you," he said. "You are an angel, Miss Fernlie." And then his heart burst all restraints and cried aloud in its bitter anguish. "Oh, Lilian, Lilian, Lilian! If things had only been otherwise!"

She hid her face in her hands and sobbed bitterly.

"I have nothing in the world, Lilian," he said; "my fortune is all gone—my good name is gone—and the doors of my profession are closed against me! At thirty-five years of age I must begin life again; begin it as I began it twenty-six years ago—from the gutter."

"There is no need," she sobbed. "Do not leave me comfortless! I have wealth—build up your fortune with it."

"Never!" he cried. "You will never be any more to me than you are now, unless the day ever comes when I have re-established a name and position, and when the fruit of my labor can gratify all your wants. You can never be any less to me, come what may. But think of it, Lilian! Even when a man begins life with all the enthusiasm and pliability of youth, it takes him years before the success of his efforts justifies him in undertaking the responsibility of others' welfare. I am past early youth—my case is well-nigh hopeless."

She raised her hand and looked at him.

"So you will not marry me?" she said, with the dreadful calmness of despair.

He looked at her as a man looks on some dear dead face before it is shut forever from his sight. "No," he said, "I will not marry you."

She held out her hand. "Good-by," she said wearily.

"Lilian," he said, as he took it in his, "I am only a man—only a weak, selfish, sinful man. May God forgive me for what I am about to say! I feel as if there would be blood on my soul if I ever knew another man had won you for his wife. I want you to dedicate your life to me, even though I may never come to claim you for my own."

"The dedication of my life to you is inevitable," she said.

"Lilian, twenty-six years ago the kiss of a good and beautiful woman led to the transforming of a ragged, starving urchin into a wealthy, distinguished man. That man, through no fault of his own, finds himself, after years of success, back in the gutter again. Will you make him see his future hopefully through his remembrance of the past?"

She put her arms round him and kissed him.

He held her to him for one brief moment, put her hurriedly from him, and left her without one backward glance.

In her London house one May evening, some six years later, Mrs. Fernlie was holding one of her much sought after receptions. Lilian, more beautiful and more popular than ever, sat regally provided with a little court of her own. But although she dispensed her favors with her usual grace and tact, her thoughts were far away from her surroundings. Her mind would run on that May day afternoon—it seemed so long ago—when she and Joseph Brown had parted. They had not met since, but he had written to her often. She knew that he had gone to London immediately after leaving her, and with great difficulty had obtained employment. In a year's time he had saved enough to go out to Australia. He had managed to associate himself with a mercantile house out there, where his old Paris experiences had proved of the greatest service to him. He was doing well—wonderfully well. His leisure hours were devoted to journalism; he had written a book that had won him praise. Up to seven weeks ago, she had heard from him regularly. Since then she had had no news, and she was racked with anxiety.

A little stir by the door attracted her attention. Her mother was warmly greeting a tardy guest. Lilian's heart bounded as her eyes fell on him.

He came to her instantly. Their hands met, but neither spoke. He drew her away from the crowd into a quiet corner.

"I wanted to surprise you, my darling," he said. "I have come for you. Are you ready?"

She looked up at him with a happy smile.

"Quite," she said.

New Way to Wealth.

According to theosophy, said Dr. A. W. Coryn, the human will was a definite force, and when strongly moved by desire it was able to accomplish visible results, although no apparent action had been taken. The desires of men were constantly affecting their outward circumstances, and even if, as in the case of a man wishing for wealth, no immediate result is seen, the ultimate effect would be that in another earth life he would be born amid wealthy surroundings. It always happened, however, that when the coveted boon was obtained some unwelcome and unlooked for circumstance accompanied it, and so the wise man avoids definite wishes about his future, recognizing his ignorance of what is really best for him, and patiently accepting the testimony meted out to him by the just law. George Muller, of Bristol, supports a large institution for orphans by prayer. The venerable founder relates his wish for a definite sum of money to meet a pressing engagement. Thoughts were things, and once the idea, strongly vitalized by his will, passed out into the ether, it floated about until attracted to the congenial soil of the brain of some wealthy philanthropist, who, "struck by the thought," sends his check for the required amount.—Essex (England) Times.

Ancient Scandinavian Graves.

Professor Heydeck, of Konigsberg, has discovered graves of the seventh and eighth centuries, evidently of Scandinavian origin, in East Prussia. In one he found a silver-pommeled, cross-hilted sword, a pair of stirrups, two lances, one of them with silver ornaments, an iron shield boss, three spurs, a pair of scissors, a grindstone and the remnants of an iron pail. In others were found two oval dishes richly ornamented, a third of a form hitherto unknown, bronze bells like sledge bells, and sundry other articles.

Queerest Town in England.

The most curious town in England is Northwich. There is not a straight street, nor, in fact, a straight house, in the place; every part of it has the appearance of having recently suffered from the visitation of an earthquake.

Northwich, as every one knows, is the center of the salt industry. On nearly all sides of the town are big salt works, with their engines pumping hundreds of thousands of gallons of brine every week.

At a depth of some two hundred or three hundred feet are immense subterranean lakes of brine, and as the contents of these are pumped and pumped away, the upper crust of earth is correspondingly weakened, and the result is an occasional subsidence.

Those subsidences have a "pulling" effect on the nearest buildings, which are drawn all ways, giving the town an upside-down appearance.

Seasickness.

Men are less subject to seasickness than women, according to an old sea captain, but when attacked by it make more fuss. They take immediately to their berths, where they grumble and groan until they are well enough to go on deck again. A woman fights the unpleasant malady until she can fight no longer. Then she becomes maudlin and pathetic. She retires to her room and invariably asks three questions: First, whether people die of seasickness, then how many miles we are from shore, and lastly when we shall get there.

A Sensation.

That the world is coming to an end suddenly at a given time is not what is here referred to. There are different kinds of sensations, as very many people know who feel sharp twinges of pain in the big nerve of the thigh. Sciatica is a very painful sensation, and the torment of it makes one think something is come to an end. But just at the first sensation or twinge is the best time to use St. Jacobs Oil. The less pain the more easily it is cured, and the Oil prevents its development by soothing the nerve. At any stage it will cure.

Our bravest lessons are not learned through success but through misadventure.

WRENN, GA.

"Having obtained a box of TETTERINE of Hunter & Wright, of Louisville, Ga., which I used on a case of itching piles of five years' standing. I spent $50 for different kinds of remedies and the skill of doctors, all for no good, until I got the TETTERINE. I am now well. Accept thanks." Yours, W. R. KING.

By mail for 50c. in stamps by J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

Rest often so recuperates a fellow that it makes him too lazy to get to work.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The man who always agrees with us doesn't come around often enough.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

That which we acquire with most difficulty we retain the longest.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Many people look as if their religion did not agree with them.

Chew Star Tobacco - The Best.
Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

There are promises it is more honorabe to break than to keep.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Smiling through tears makes the most beautiful of rainbows.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. WILLIAMS, Antioch, Ills., April 11, 1894.

Some people are never so happy as when they are miserable.

Don't Starve

Because Your Stomach Will Not Digest Food.

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla and be cured. It will tone and strengthen your stomach and create an appetite. Then you may eat without fear of distress, your food will be digested and assimilated, and you will grow strong and healthy.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

FLASHES OF FUN.

"I can't see why you object to young Softly. I'm sure he is constant." "Worse than that. He is perpetual."

She—Did you see anything in New York that reminded you of Philadelphia? He—Yes; the messenger boys.—Exchange.

Author—I have a dialect story I want to sell you. Editor—In what dialect is it? Author—I don't know. Editor—I'll take it.—Truth.

Daughter—What will I do, papa, out there in the country without a riding-habit? Her papa—Get into the habit of walking, my dear.—Up to Date.

Ethel—Maud has been trying to learn how to ride a bicycle for four weeks now. Penelope—Is her instructor stupid? Ethel—No—handsome.—Judge.

Parson—There is no victory, young man, like the victory over self. Scorcher—Yes, I know. I broke my ten-mile record yesterday.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The bashful one—Why do you girls always kiss each other when you meet? She—Because we wish to do unto each other as we would that others should do unto us.—Life.

"Is your sister's husband coming down over Sunday?" "No; it's too far." "Too far! Why, the charm of this place is its accessibility!" "Yes; but my sister is a widow."—Puck.

Father (at breakfast)—How did young Snodgrass like my turning off the gas at 9 o'clock last night? Daughter (surprised)—Why, papa—I—he—we didn't know that you did.—Puck.

"I ain't goin' out on a tandem with dat Susie Mellon girl again, no, sah." "Whaffer?" "Kase when her toes ain't collidin' with the handle-bah, her heels is plowin' gutters in de ground!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"That actor doesn't seem at home in his work," said the man who makes comments. "No," replied the theatrical manager, gloomily, "he isn't. But he will be unless business gets better pretty soon."—Washington Star.

Gladys—Papa's going to give us a check at the wedding instead of a present, Tom. Tom—All right; we'll have the ceremony at high noon instead of at 4 o'clock. Gladys—Why, what for, dear? Tom—Banks close at 3.—Detroit Free Press.

Major Bluegrass—When Governor Jones said to Governor Smith that it was "a long time between drinks," jest how long do yo' suppose he meant, suh? Major Pepper—There is really no tellin' of that, suh—any time is a long time, when it is between drinks, suh!—Puck.

Old gentleman (in omnibus, to young man who has not vacated his seat to accommodate a lady, severely)—When I was young, sir, I would have got up and given the lady my seat. Young man—Then, sir, I am sorry to see that you have lost your politeness with your youth.—To-Day.

Sherlock Holmes (at burlesque show) —That little man over there in the box is a professor of mathematics. Dr. Cubebs—He is an acquaintance of yours? Sherlock Holmes—No; I never saw him before in my life. Dr. Cubebs—Then how do you know he is a professional mathematician? Sherlock Holmes—By the interest he takes in the figures on the stage.—Chicago News.

True to His Bringing-Up.

A writer in the Independent has discovered something rare—a donkey boy in Cairo with a sense of the ideal. Most boys of his profession are a good-natured lot, but few are the vices they cannot teach. Little Hassan, on the contrary, seems to have principles, and is quietly stanch in his adherence to them.

Once he refused a cigarette, says the traveler, and in my surprise I almost lost my balance.

"What! Not smoke, Hassan?" said I. "I thought all the donkey boys smoked."

"I don't," said Hassan, who looked about eleven, was short, very brown, very scantily dressed, quite dirty, had only one eye and trotted behind the donkey with rounded shoulders and head craned forward. "I don't. If I did, my family would beat me, and quite right, too."

"But who are you, and who are your family?" I asked.

"Ah!" he said, proudly, "we are Sudaense. In the Sudan, we are strict. To smoke, to use wine, to drink coffee, not to pray—these are shameful things; and if a man does anything impure, they hang him to a tree with his face toward the sun."

It keeps some men so busy telling what they are going to do to-morrow that they haven't time to do anything to-day.

Cures

of scrofula, eczema, boils, sores, eruptions, etc., prove the claims made for Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best of blood purifying medicines. And it's cures that count. The story of these cures told by the cured is convincing. We send the book free. Address Dr. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, - Editor

TERMS.—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms, $2.00 per year.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—20 cents per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Other rates made made known on application.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. Dec. 2.

The shortage caused in the revenues by the Dingley tariff has fallen as so much clear gain into the pockets of the protected trusts.

The Dingley tariff having produced a shortage in revenues of nearly fifty million dollars already, keeps the high tariff advocates wriggling for excuses.

At last Hanna seems to have the bulge on the Ohio senatorship. He claims to have made sure of every vote—he tapped his barrel, no doubt.

There is reason to believe that farming lands in the middle and eastern states will gradually advance in price; but it may be many years before the $80 and $100 per acre of twenty years ago, will be reached.

Congress meets beginning of next week, when it will be interesting to read in the President's message how he explains the deficiency of near fifty millions under the new tariff which was promised to be a revenue producer.

Starvation is now staring goldseekers in the face at Dawson City. All who can are leaving for fort Yukon, 400 miles away, where there is a supply of provisions.

At Dawson City flour is $2 a pound, and a beef steak the same price.

Hiram Maxim's new quick firing gun was tried at Portsmouth, England, the other day with remarkable results. With 25 pounds of cordite it showed an effective range of 16,000 yards, or nearly nine miles. By increasing the range at this rate, warfare will become easier, since every soldier can remain at home and fire at the enemy regardless of the distance.

The typhoon which swept over the Philippine Islands on the 6th of October was the cause of one of the most disastrous storms that has been reported from the Southern ocean in many years. Thousands of lives were lost, including many Europeans, and the damage to property was something appalling.

In Europe it is the young man's ambition to prove he is a hero by showing scars of sword thrusts received in duels on account of some slight. In our own country the young man is becoming ambitious to have his face and eyes bruised, ribs smashed and arms broken to prove his skill in playing football.

In the United States duels are unlawful but football is a glory.

If you will take one cat and pinch his tail he will scratch and bite your hand, but take two cats and put them side by side and pinch both their tails at the same time and they will bite and scratch each other. Plutocracy has learned this trick. So it gets the people arrayed in two old parties and then it pinches their tails and they fight each other. Like the cats, they never turn to fight the hand that is pinching them.

On board the Ward Line steamer Santiago, which arrived at New York on Saturday from South Side Cuban ports, were Dr. Frank Agramonte and Thomas J. Sainz, who were recently liberated from the Morro Prison, at Santiago de Cuba, where they had been confined two years and seven months and one day. On fifteen different occasions they were called out to be shot, but in each case were reprieved.

Less than two years ago a man and his wife in Baltimore borrowed $50 from a loan company pledging their household goods as security. They have already paid $85.50 interest and owe a balance of $49.50 interest. The courts have decided they will have to pay back the principal and a total of $135 interest to save their furniture. That loan company must have a Klondike in the Druid City.

The riot in the Austrian parliament went on with more disgraceful violence the second day, Saturday. Dr. Wolff, the German Nationalist leader, defied all authority to repress him and was, after a desperate struggle, bound and gagged. Then he was bundled into a cab and taken to a police station. Mark Twain, who had been viewing the extraordinary scenes, was violently ejected from the House, and during his exit was struck a severe blow by a Czech Deputy. Attacks were also made on the President of the House.

In the evening the police were compelled repeatedly to disperse excited political crowds which gathered in the Rings-Strasse between the Parliament House and the University buildings.

In front of the former a mob numbering 2000, principally composed of students, assembled and hooted and groaned at the police, finally attacking the officers with stones. Eventually the police were ordered to clear the streets, which they did with drawn swords.

Philadelphia has leased her gas works to a private corporation, after trying for several years to operate them at a profit.

Williamsport, years ago, erected a water plant, but it was so notoriously farmed and managed by the town officials that the citizens were glad to have the water works sold to a private corporation.

Philadelphia which for many years has suffered from bad management of the city water works, is now agitating the question of turning the water works over to private individuals for a term of 50 years.

Advocates of municipal ownership will now please rise and explain.

As a result of the war now being waged between the Arbuckle Coffee Company the Woolson Spice Company, the sales of coffee during the week ending Friday have been far in excess of any similar period during the past year. Coffee brokers declared that their sales had been doubled.

The Woolsen Spice Company, which is controlled by the Havemeyers, is selling Rio No. 7 at 9 cents a pound. Not to be outdone, the Arbuckles have made a reduction in the prices. Coffee is now cheaper than it has been since before the war, say the old dealers, and if the fight continues there is no telling what price it will go for. Another reason for the low price is to be found in the enormous quantity of Rio coffee now in New York.

AN IMPORTANT MEETING.

Governor Hastings and Attorney Gen. McCormick went to Philadelphia Monday and had a long conference at the Union League with Secretary of the Commonwealth Martin and State Senator Magee. The meeting was an important one, judging from the length of time the quartette were together and the arrangements made for the conference. None of the participants would discuss what took place, but it is believed that it had some bearing upon Attorney General McCormick's candidacy for governor. It is understood that the chances of Mr. McCormick's success were canvassed and the conclusion reached that the Republican nomination could be secured for him.

It is therefore expected that the formal announcement of his candidacy will soon be made and his friends throughout the state notified to begin work in his behalf. There is no doubt that if the attorney general enters the lists for the gubernatorial nomination he will do so with the understanding that Secretary Martin and Senator Magee will give him the Philadelphia and Allegheny delegates they control. Conceding these two leaders all the delegates they claim in the counties they represent, they will not amount to 70 of the 362 in the convention. It was thought that Messrs. Martin and Magee would be for P. A. B. Widener for governor, but it now looks as if they were favorable to Mr. McCormick.

England's Alarm.

The note of warning sounded by Mr. Ritchie, the president of the board of trade, to England's commerce and manufactures is timely and significant. Under the stress of American competition in agricultural products the farming land of England has in the past ten years shrunk one-third in value. Under the competition of our newer machinery, of our more efficient methods, of our higher individual intelligence, and especially of our more abundant natural resources, we are undoubtedly competing with Great Britain for the supremacy of the world's manufactures. England has good reason to be alarmed over the situation. The best reason for alarm is that there does not seem to be any remedy.—N. Y. World.

In a Bad Fix.

The Republican party has managed in the first eight months in which it has had control of the Government to put itself in a very unfortunate position. Its tariff act "to provide revenue for the Government" does not provide as much revenue as the act which it supplanted. The borrowed money accumulated in the Treasury by the Cleveland Administration in excess of the gold reserve is fast disappearing. There is serious trouble ahead, and the party will soon have to choose one of three ways to meet it: The Administration can borrow more money to make good the deficit; or it can frankly admit the mistake made in the passage of the Dingley bill and try to amend it so as to get the necessary revenue from customs or internal taxes; or it can take the heroic method of cutting down appropriations to the measure of the Federal income.

—If in need of a stylish and dressy suit, it is wise to consult Lewins, Bellefonte, and have him fit you out.

SPRING MILLS.

Burglars Discovered Robbing Krape's Shoe Store.

On Thursday night an attempt was also made to enter the residence of Mr. Gramley who resides a short distance above the village on the pike. In endeavoring to remove a light from the window, the glass broke and the noise awoke the inmates. In the confusion the robber or robbers escaped.

On Sunday evening last a few boys of our village after leaving church, amused themselves by building a huge stack of waste paper on the street and setting it on fire. This senseless piece of business created considerable excitement in the neighborhood. Some of these reckless boys will find themselves in Bellefonte very unexpectedly, if these foolish freaks are continued.

About every third man in this neighborhood is butchering. I hear of some rather "tough" statements as regards weight. Apparently no one is butchering less than a 400 lb. porker; of course the scales generally tell a far different story, but very singularly this record is kept quiet. Sausages, scrapple and liver-wurst are now the dishes par excellence on nearly all tables morning, noon and night, while boiling fat fills all space with a greasy vapor—too much of a good thing. No wonder old Shylock exclaimed in his wrath at an invitation to dine, "yes to smell pork, to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into" Possibly they were butchering in Venice just at that time, and the "old man" had more than he wanted.

On Wednesday night last, burglars entered the shoe store of C. A. Krape, of our village, by boring holes around the lock of the door and forcing it open. Mr. Moyer, whose store and residence is directly across a passage way from Mr. Krape, was awakened between twelve and one o'clock by an unusual noise, and thinking that possibly some one might be endeavoring to effect an entrance into his store, he arose and cautiously raised the window, and discovered a man in the street directly opposite Mr. Krape's store. After watching him some time and deeming his actions rather suspicious, he shot off his revolver simply to give an alarm; the stranger immediately replied with a similar compliment. Mr. Moyer then shot again, taking aim at the scoundrel's legs, but missed his mark. The robbers, two in number, possibly three, being discovered after shooting off their revolvers, no doubt to deter any one from following, hastily retreated across the foot log near the postoffice and disappeared in the darkness. The burglars secured very little booty. Mr. Krape says his loss is four pair of men's shoes, about fifty cigars and a dozen or fifteen pennies. The tools used, a brace-bit and two chisels, were stolen from the wheelwright shop of Mr. Roper located a short distance above the hotel. These tools the robbers left behind.

BRUSH VALLEY.

Incident and Personal Mention of this End of the County.

Henry Meyer is on the sick list, however not serious.

E. S. Bierly spent several days at Williamsport, on business this week.

Miss Winifred Wolf returned nome on Saturday from her trip to Bellefonte a week previous.

The widow, Mrs. Franklin Hubler is sick with fever; Mrs. C. E. Long is serving as her nurse.

J. Evans is at present boarding at the hotel at Rebersburg, while Mrs. Evans is visiting at Bellefonte.

The landlord at Rebersburg, Austin Gramley, was seriously ill this week, but is again on a fair way to his former health.

Mrs. John Ocker and her daughter Maudie, of Union county, visited friends at Rebersburg Monday and Tuesday last.

Warren Moyer, of Coburn, was visiting at Rebersburg on Saturday evening. Mr. Moyer is a very industrious young man and holds the responsible position of mill inspector.

Wallace Miller, of Rebersburg intends to move to Philadelphia in the near future, when Joseph Miller, the former's grandfather will occupy the house he leaves.

Rev. George, pastor of the Reformed church, held a protracted meeting which lasted a week, ending in a very successful Communion service last Sunday morning.

The Lutheran minister, Rev. Mumma, held prayer service several evenings prior to Communion services on Sabbath morning, at which time ninety-nine partook of the Lord's supper.

This week has been one of great preparation for the building up of both Soul and body, as many people throughout the valley butchered during the day and in the evening they attended the religious meetings held in the various churches.

Rev. T. S. Faus closed his revival meetings in the M. E. church at Kreamerville on last Thursday evening. Eight confessed to have been gloriously saved, and the whole church has been revived, while many again refused to accept the gospel call to the Savior for salvation.

The girls of Rebersburg have now fully connected themselves with the Beou Monde of the world, since the attractive light of those bows, in spite of the darkness, has been so rich in brilliancy, and since nothing else could have been selected to crown their labor more successfully on last Saturday evening, while traveling the fashionable streets of their town.

OAK HALL.

What Our Correspondent from the Busy Town Has to Say.

John Witmer and wife, of Pine Grove Mills, were in town Tuesday.

James C. Gilliland attended Pomona Grange at Centre Hall Tuesday.

James M. Ross, of Linden Hall, transacted business at this place Tuesday.

Call on Ira C. Korman for bargains on corn shellers, stoves and iron kettles.

Butchering is all the rage; there are a great many large porkers killed at this place.

Wm. Knoff living at the foot of the mountain, intends moving to the top of the mountain before long.

Our factory man, R. C. Palmer, is having a good trade on his yarns and woolen goods; his prices are reasonable.

John A. Korman and family, of Mingoville, and Miss Myra Carson, of Bellefonte, visited friends at this place several days.

Jacob Shuey, of College township, killed three large porkers, weighing 1620 pounds, an average of 540 pounds each. Who can beat that?

T. F. Gramley started in the store keeping business, and is getting along nicely; he is building an addition to his store room, to be used as a ware house.

Rev. Rearick's Appointments

Sunday Dec. 5, at Centrehall, at 10 a. m.; at St. Johns church, at 2 p. m.; at Georges valley at 7 p. m.

WESTERN HORSE DEALERS ATTENTION!

A good location for public and private sales of western horses, is at the Centre Hall House, in the heart of Penns valley. For further information, address, W. H. RUNKLE, jr.
tf Manager.

NEW GOODS
ALL THE TIME.

Come and see our new goods. They are arriving all the time, and are the best that the market affords, the latest style, and bottom prices. As we buy, so do we sell.

All we ask is a call and we will show you our goods. Once you have our prices, your judgment will convince you that our store will save you big money.

We Have Shoes for All Feet!

Our stock of Shoes is the finest in the valley. It is a new stock, and selected with care. Our Boots could not be better, and in these lines can fit you for all kinds of weather.

All kinds of Produce taken in exchange for goods.

H. F. ROSSMAN,
SPRING MILLS, - PA.

THE
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The Thrice-a-Week Edition of THE NEW YORK WORLD is first among all "weekly" papers in size, frequency of publication, and the freshness, accuracy and variety of its contents. It has all the merits of a great $6 daily at the price of a dollar weekly. Its political news is prompt, complete, accurate and impartial as all its readers will testify. It is against the monopolies and for the people.

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THE Star Store.
G. O. Benner, Prop.
Our terms—Cash before delivery.

Yes, it is correct that Santa Claus has decided to make his headquarters at the Star Store, but he says, must have more room, so we have decided to let him have it. We are making preparations for the grandest display of

CHRISTMAS GOODS

that Centre Hall has ever seen, and we think with Santa Claus' help, our efforts will not be in vain.

In the next issue we will be able to tell you what we will have for the Holidays, and exactly what we will want for it.

On Christmas day between the hours of 9 and 10 a. m., we will give a present to each boy and girl between the age of 4 and 12 years, who will come of themselves to our store. No present will be given at anyother time during the day.

THE STAR.

UP-TO-DATE NEWS.

Safety Lanterns.
The common lanterns explode and burn your barns—the Safety Attachment to a lantern prevents accident, which ought to induce every farmer to buy a lantern of us.

Clover Seed.
We buy and sell Clover Seed.

Fanning Mills.
We sell Fanning Mills, with different makes of seives and riddles, to clean farm seeds, as well as Clover and Timothy seed; but there has never been a device made to separate all the Buckhorn from Clover Seed.

Seed Seives.
We have a few of the Dildine Adjustable Seed Seives for sale—the last that are in the market.

Up to Date Dairying Supplies.
The DeLaval Cream Separator was the favorite cream separator shown at the grangers' picnic where the sample Baby Separator was sold. We keep in stock Butter Workers, Babcock's Milk Testers, Dairy Thermometers, Creamers, Churns, and all other dairy fixtures, including parchment paper for wrapping butter.

Household Fixtures and Sewing Machines.
Clothes Wringers, Washing Machines, Refrigerators, Step Ladders, Baskets in great variety including the best make of Sewing Machines, which we sell at prices ranging from $12.50 to $25.00 each. Those in want of Sewing Machines will protect their own interests, as well as save money by calling on us.

Buggies and Spring Wagons.
We are agents for the Columbus Buggy Co.—the finest make of Buggies, Surries and Carriages in the market—hand-made goods. Other makes of Buggies and Carriages of best quality and lowest prices.

Blankets! Robes!
Sleighs and Sleds.
A great variety of blankets, robes, horse blankets, sleighs and cutters, of the finest make in the world. Boys' cutters and flyers. Farm and Lumber Sleds of the very best make.

Builders' Supplies.
Fire and Red Brick, Flag Stones, Lime, Roofing Paper, Plastering Hair, Sand, and Victor Patent Wall Plaster, including Calcined Plaster. Logan and Rosendale Hydraulic Cements in quantities to suit buyers.

McCalmont & Co., Bellefonte, Pa.
Shortlidge & Co., State College, Pa.

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LOCATED IN ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND HEALTHFUL SPOTS IN THE ALLEGHENY REGION; UNDENOMINATIONAL; OPEN TO BOTH SEXES; TUITION FREE; BOARD AND OTHER EXPENSES VERY LOW. NEW BUILDINS AND EQUIPMENT.

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10. MENTAL, MORAL and POLITICAL SCIENCE; Constitutional Law and History; Political Economy, etc.
12. MILITARY SCIENCE; instruction theoretical and practical, including each arm of the service.
13. PREPARATORY COURSE; One year.

Fall term opens Sept. 11, 1895. Examinations for admission, Sept. 13.

For Catalogue or other information, address GEO. W. ATHERTON, LL.D., Prest. State College, Centre Co., Pa

WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY AND ACTIVE gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible, established house in Pennsylvania. Monthly $65.00 and expenses. Position steady. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. Y, Chicago

WANTED AGENTS

BOTH MEN AND WOMEN. If you are willing to work, we can give you employment with GOOD PAY, and you can work all or part time, at home or traveling. The work is LIGHT AND EASY. WRITE AT ONCE for terms, etc., to

THE HAWKS NURSERY COMPANY,
sept19-4m Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY AND ACTIVE gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible established house in Pennsylvania. Monthly $65.00 and expenses. Position steady. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. Y, Chicago.

PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division and Northern Central Railway.

Time Table, in effect June 20, 1897.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON, EASTWARD

8 23 a m.—Train 20. Week days for Sunbury, Harrisburg, arriving at Philadelphia, 12.50 p. m., New York 3.40 p. m., Baltimore 12.40 p. m., Washington 1 47 p. m. Through coaches to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

9.27 a. m.—Train 14. Daily for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Harrisburg and intermediate stations. Week days for Scranton, Hazleton, and Pottsville. Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, Washington. Through passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

1.35 p. m.—Train 8. Weekdays for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6.23 p m., New York 9.30 p. m., Baltimore, 6 09 p. m., Washington at 7.15 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

5.55 p. m.—Train 12. Weekdays for Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, and daily for Harrisburg and intermediate points, arriving at Philadelphia 11.15 p m., New York 3.53 a. m., Baltimore 9.45 p. m., Washington 10.55 p. m. Passenger coaches to Wilkesbarre and Philadelphia and Baltimore, and parlor car to Philadelphia.

8.04 p m.—Train 6. Weekdays for Sunbury Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.30 a. m., New York at 7.23 a m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7.30 a. m.

1.30 a. m.—Train 4. (Daily.) For Sunbury Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6.52 a. m., New York, 9.33 a. m. week days, 10 38 a. m. Sunday, Baltimore, 6.20 a. m., Washington, 7.40, a m. Pullman sleeping cars to Philadelphia and Washington, and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.37 a. m.—Train 3. (Daily) For Erie, and intermediate stations, with Pullman sleeping cars and passenger coaches to Erie. Week days for DuBois, Bellefonte, Pittsburg and Elmira, and intermediate stations On Sundays for Watkins, Canandaigua, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with Pullman coach to Rochester

10.03 a. m.—Train 31. (Daily) For Lock Haven and intermediate stations, and weekdays for Tyrone, Clearfield, Philipsburg, Pittsburg and the West, with through cars to Tyrone.

1.31 p m.—Train 15. Weekdays for Kane, Tyrone, Clearfield, Philipsburg, Pittsburg, Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester, and Parlor car to Rochester.

5.53 p. m.—Train 1. Week days for Renovo, Elmira and intermediate stations.

9.45 p. m.—Train 13. Daily for Lock Haven, and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR MONTANDON FROM EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 31 leaves New York 12.10 night, Philadelphia 4.30 a m, Baltimore 4.55 a m, Harrisburg 8.05 a m, daily, Wilkesbarre, 7 30 a. m. Week-days arriving at Montandon 10 03 a m.

Train 15 leaves Philadelphia 8.30 a m, Washington 7.50 a m, Baltimore, 8.50 a m, Willkesbarre 10 15 a m, week days, arriving at Montandon 1.31 p m, with parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore

Train 1 leaves New York 8.55 a m, Phila., 12.25 p m; Washington at 10.50 a m, Baltimore at 12.09 m, Wilkesbarre 3.15 p m, arriving at Montandon at 5.53 p m, week days, with through passenger coaches from Phila. and Baltimore.

Train 13 leaves New York 1.55 p. m Sunday, Philadelphia 4.35 p m, weekdays, 4.30 p. m., Sundays. Washington 3 40 p m, Baltimore 4.49 p m, daily, Wilkesbarre, 6.00 p. m. daily, arriving at Montandon 9.45 p m. Through Parlor Car from Philadelphia, and passenger coach from Philadelphia and Washington

Train 3 leaves New York at 7.55 p m, Philadelphia 11.20 p m, Washington 10.40 p m, Baltimore, 11.50 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon at 5 37 a m, with through Pullman sleeping cars from Phila. Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.

Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. P M	A.M.	STATIONS.	Eastward. A M	P M
1 38	6 40	Montandon	9 15	4 56
1 45	6 15	Lewisburg	9 05	4 47
1 53	6 24	Biehl	8 57	4 39
1 57	6 28	Vicksburg	8 52	4 35
2 05	6 37	Mifflinburg	8 44	4 27
2 16	6 50	Millmont	8 31	4 16
2 23	6 57	Glen Iron	8 22	4 08
2 51	7 31	Paddy Mountain	7 56	3 43
3 03	7 44	Coburn	7 44	3 32
3 08	7 52	Zerby	7 36	3 25
3 17	8 01	Rising Spring	7 27	3 17
3 23	8 07	Penn Cave	7 20	3 10
3 31	8 15	Centre Hall	7 13	3 02
3 37	8 21	Gregg	7 07	2 55
3 44	8 28	Linden Hall	7 01	2 48
3 48	8 33	Oak Hall	6 56	2 43
3 53	8 37	Lemont	6 52	2 38
3 58	8 42	Dale Summit	6 47	2 34
4 07	8 52	Pleasant Gap	6 38	2 24
4 10	8 58	Axemann	6 33	2 21
4 15	9 00	Bellefonte	6 30	2 15

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 8.25 a. m., 9.30 a. m. 9.48 a m, 1.15 5.35 and 7.55 p. m. returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.50a. m, 10.05 a m, 5.07 5 58 p m, and 8 15 p m.

On Sundays trains leave Montandon 9.27 and 10.04 a m and 5 04 p. m., returning leave Lewisburg 9 29 a. m., 10.06 a.m. and 5.06 p. m.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager. J. E. WOOD Gen'l Pas'ger Agt.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNSYLVANIA.
Condensed Time Table.

Read Down No. 1	No 5	No 3	May 18, 1896.	Read Up. No 6	No 4	No 2
a. m	p.m.	p. m.	Lv. Ar.	p m	p. m	a. m.
†7 20	†7 30	†3 45	BELLEFONTE	10 01	6 10	10 10
7 34	7 44	3 57	Nigh	9 49	5 57	9 56
7 41	7 50	4 03	Zion	9 43	5 51	9 50
7 46	7 55	4 08	Hecla Park	9 38	5 46	9 45
7 48	7 57	4 10	Dunkle	9 36	5 44	9 43
7 52	8 01	4 14	HUBLERSB'G	9 32	5 40	9 39
7 56	8 05	4 18	Snydertown	9 28	5 37	9 35
7 58	8 07	4 20	Nittany	9 25	5 35	9 33
8 00	8 09	4 22	Huston	9 23	5 33	9 31
8 02	8 11	4 24	LAMAR	9 21	5 31	9 29
8 04	8 13	4 26	Clintondale	9 19	5 29	9 26
8 09	8 19	4 31	Krider's S'n g.	9 14	5 24	9 21
8 16	8 25	4 37	Mackeyville	9 08	5 18	9 15
8 23	8 32	4 43	Cedar Springs	9 01	5 12	9 09
8 25	8 34	4 45	Salona	8 59	5 11	9 07
8 30	8 40	4 50	MILL HALL	†8 53	†5 05	†9 01
9 30	9 20		Jersey Shore	4 30		7 55
10 05	9 55	Arr.	Wm'PORT Lve	4 00		†7 25
†10 20	*11 30	Lve	Wm'PORT Arr.	2 40		*6 55
5 08	7 10		PHILA	†8 35		*11 30
8 32	10 30		Atlantic City	7 00		5 30
6 00			NEW YORK (Via Tamecula.)	†4 30		
7 25	†9 30		NEW YORK (Via Phila.)			†7 30
p. m.	a. m.	Arr	Lve.	a. m.		p. m.

*Daily. †Week Days *6 00 p. m. Sunday. †10 10 a m Sunday.

Philadelphia Sleeping Cars attached to Eastbound train from Williamsport at 11 30 p m. and West-bound from Philadelphia at 11.30 p. m.

J. W. GEPHART, General Superintendent.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.
To take effect May 25, 1896.

EASTWARD. 12½ P M	8½ P M	2½ A M	STATIONS. Ar.	Lv.	1½ A M	7½ A M	11½ P M
6 30	1 10	8 45		Bellefonte	6 30	10 30	4 21
6 20	1 02	8 40		Coleville	6 37	10 37	4 26
6 16	12 58	8 37		Morris	6 40	10 42	4 30
6 10	12 54	8 33		Whitmer	6 44	10 47	4 33
6 05	12 49	8 31		Hunters	6 50	10 53	4 38
6 02	12 46	8 28		Fillmore	6 53	10 56	4 42
5 57	12 41	8 24		Brialy	7 09	11 02	4 47
5 53	12 37	8 20		Waddle	7 05	11 05	4 52
5 50	12 35	8 18		Scotia Crossing	7 08	11 08	4 54
5 26	12 26	8 07		Krumrine	7 17	11 20	5 08
5 33	12 24	8 04		Struble	7 20	11 24	5 06
5 31	12 22	8 02		Inn	7 28	11 28	5 08
5 30	12 20	8 00		State College	7 30	11 30	5 10

Morning trains from Montandon, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 7 for State College. Afternoon trains from Montandon, Lewisburg and Tyrone connect with Train No. 11 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte.

‡Daily except Sunday.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

DESIRABLE PROPERTY AT PUBLIC SALE.—A good two-story house, and about two acres of ground, on which is a small barn and other outbuildings; choice fruit, and fresh mountain water piped to the door; in the borough of Centre Hall. Also

35 ACRES

farm land in a high state of cultivation, a small orchard thereon, near the south-east end of the borough of Centre Hall.

The above will be sold as a whole, or in parts. For further particulars inquire at the REPORTER office. tf

PERSONAL MENTION.

Coming and Going.—Visitors in and out of Town.

——J. Will Conley, of Bellefonte, was in town yesterday.

——Wm. Wolf was down in Brush valley Monday and Tuesday.

——Miss Sallie McClenahan visited friends at Boalsburg over Sunday.

——J. W. Sweetwood, of near Spring Mills, was in to see us yesterday while in town.

——J. A. Yearick, farmer of near this place, gave our sanctum a business call.

——Mrs. Emma Shutt, of Centre Hill, gave us a call and had her label go forward a year.

—— Misses Emily and Grace Alexander visited with friends at State College over Sunday.

——Mr. J. L. Minick, of State College, spent Thanksgiving day with friends in town.

——E. P. Zerby and W. W Jamison, both of Sober, were guests at the home of Henry Emerick on Sunday.

——Miss Mary Kreamer spent several days last week with her sister, Mrs. Samuel Frank, at Spring Mills.

——Mrs. W. A. Jacobs is confined to her bed, suffering from an attack of pneumonia; she is slightly improving.

——John Spicher, of Earlystown, one of our prompt-paying subscribers, was a caller and set his label into '98.

——O. H. Loneberger, one of Pleasant Gap's genial citizens, gave the Reporter a call and reports health good over that way.

——Mrs. Derstine, wife of Rev. Shafer Derstine, and little daughter, are visiting at the home of her mother-in-law, Mrs. Michael Derstine.

——Mrs. Stiver returned to her home on Church street, last week, after having spent a month with her daughter, Mrs. E. J. Ward, in Bellefonte.

——Col. J. L. Spangler and Mrs. Spangler, of Bellefonte, drove over on Sunday for a square meal at the home of his parents on Church street.

——Miss May Rhone, who holds a position in Harrisburg, has been home for two weeks, owing to a severe attack of malaria. She is improving.

——Co. Treasurer Harrison Kline, was a pleasant caller upon the Reporter and abided an half hour in pleasant chat; before leaving he enrolled his name with label up to '99.

——Michael J. Decker, of near this place, favored us with a call, and a half hour's chat. The Reporter being a great favorite in Mr. Decker's family as we were pleased to learn, he had his label set out close to '99.

——Our big-hearted granger friend, Isaac Frain, gave us a call, and reports all healthy in Marion and lots of butchering going on and thinks some heavy porkers will be reported from his section. His label runs well into '98 now.

CONGRESS NEXT WEEK.

One of the Most Important Sessions in the History of the Country.

In view of the many questions of vital importance which are certain to come before the forthcoming session of Congress, those persons who desire to be well informed concerning national affairs will be interested in the news that "The Philadelphia Press" has made arrangements to publish more complete reports from Washington than have ever been furnished by any daily paper heretofore. "The Press" maintains regularly at Washington a special bureau in charge of one of the best known writers on national affairs. The working force of this bureau has been increased so as to leave no doubt of its ability to adequately and promptly report every item of Washington news. As Congress will meet next week it will be well to begin reading "The Press" Washington reports at once.

A Judge Censures a Spitter.

The spitter has met his reward in Philadelphia. He was in the habit of expectorating on the steps of a man he did not like every time he passed the man's residence. The man laid for him, and at last caught him in the act. The spitter was arrested and taken before Judge Arnold, who fined him ten dollars and costs. In his charge to the jury, Judge Arnold took occasion to say that in foreign countries spitting on the sidewalk is unknown, and the only way to stop it in this country is to have the offenders arrested for malicious mischief. "The defendant," said Judge Arnold, "was a hog in spitting on step or sidewalk, instead of, as any gentleman would, over the curbstone."

I had the rheumatism so badly that I could not get my hand to my head. I tried the doctor's medicine without the least benefit. At last I thought of Chamberlain's Pain Balm; the first bottle relieved all of the pain, and one half of the second bottle effected a complete cure.—W. J. HOLLAND, Holland; Va. Chamberlain's Pain Balm is equally good for sprains, swellings, and lameness, as well as burns, cuts, and bruises, for sale by J. H. Ross, Linden Hall, S. M. Swartz, Tusseyville, F. A. Carson, Potters Mills, and H. F. Rossman, Spring Mills.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to Cure. 25c

The Lumber Industry.

Editor Reporter:—

Having been a reader of your valued paper for quite a number of years, dating back to my boyhood, when it came to my father's home as the *Centre Berichter*, and knowing that its columns are read by many who in former years were boys and girls of Penns valley, and who now have their homes in the east, west, north and south, and who, no doubt, read with interest of the changes and improvements going on in the localities of their former homes. With this idea in view, it occurred to the writer to give a short sketch of the lumber operation as being developed in this particular locality. In 1889 a narrow gauge R. R. was built by the firm of Meck & Nagle, from the L. & T. R. R. at this point to the Bear Meadows, a large tract of swampy land covered with a dense growth of timber. In November of that year they commenced running over their road and shipping prop timber to the Anthracite coal mines. The following year they built a sawmill near the Meadows and up to 1896 they have shipped thousands of car loads of prop timber, sawed lumber, shingles and lath, and at that date the firm merged into the Linden Hall Lumber Co., of Sunbury, Pa., who have laid their road about six miles farther, over a mountain, at an elevation of nearly 600 feet, to the headwaters of Stone creek, a tributary of the Juniata river, and at this writing they are breaking ground for a sawmill at this point, the terminus of their road one-half mile west of the village of Linden Hall, and with the probability of adding a planing mill also, and expect to manufacture large quantities of lumber. During these panicky times these parties have employed a large number of men, have paid uniformly good wages and have pushed their project almost to completion.

* *

Recent Mifflin County Deaths.

In Lewistown, J. Dale Carothers, aged 17 years.

In Yeagertown, John Deemer, aged 65 years.

In Lewistown, the widow of Dr. C. S. Hurlburt, aged 58 years.

In Brown twp., Miss Mary Milliken of Lewistown, aged 86 years.

In Yeagertown, a son of E. H. Swain, aged 4 years.

In Mahonoy City, Rev. A. Miller Woods, aged 66 years.

In Oliver twp., Wm. Hassinger, age 62 years.

Turnpike Condemned.

The turnpike between Mifflinburg and Hartleton has been condemned by the jury appointed by the Union county court to view it. The jury awarded $250 damages. The turnpike company is likely to take an appeal.

Holiday Goods Now Ready.

Suits for Men $5.00, easy rise to $15.00.
Suits for Boys $3.00, easy rise to $10.00.
Suits for Children $1.00, easy rise to $5.00.
Overcoats for Men, Boys and Children—all prices.
Storm coats for Men, Boys and Children—all prices.
Mackintoshes and Box Coats, $2.50, easy rise to $10.00.
Suit Cases $3.50, easy rise to $10.00.
Trunks, Telescopes and Bags—all prices.
Ascots, Puffs, Four-in-Hands, Tecks, 25 to 50 cts.
Oxford Ties and Full Dress Bows, 10 to 25 cts.
Silk Mufflers from 20 cents to $1.50.
Silk Initial Handkerchiefs 25 to 50 cts.
All Linen Handkerchiefs, 20 to 50 cts.
Fancy Shirts, White Shirts, 50, 75 cts., and $1.00.
Night Robes, 50, 75 cts., and $1.00.
House Coats, $2.50, easy rise to $10.00.
Link Cuff Buttons, 25 and 50 cts.
Full Dress Shirt Studs, 25 and 50 cts.
Gloves 25 cents, easy rise to $1.50.
Hats 50 cts., easy rise to $3.00.
Sweaters for men, women and children, from 50cts to $4.00—all colors and combination of colors.
Ladies Belts.
Umbrellas, 50c. to $5.00; 24, 26, and 28 in.

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Bellefonte, Pa.

Shoe Store.

The fight at the polls has closed, but the fight for supremacy in the retail Shoe line has only just begun. I have started out to impress upon the people of this valley the advantage to be gained in buying their footwear at my store. The underlying principles of our conflict with competition are

Sterling Value for the Buyer!

In every way, in quality, in fit, in service and in style. We purpose to give you the very best value obtainable for the price, and if this does not appeal to you, we know of no other method to attract and hold your trade.

Chas. A. Krape,
Spring Mills, - - Pa.

Weekly Weather Report—Centre Hall

(Government Service.)

Temperature:	Highest.	Lowest.	
Nov. 25	37	26	cloudy.
" 26	58	34	cloudy.
" 27	59	32	cloudy.
" 28	34	20	clear.
" 29	26	31	cloudy.
" 30	30	20	part cloudy.
Dec. 1	32	18	clear.

Rainfall: On 26 at night, .47 inch. On 29, morning 1 inch of snow, forenoon .13 inch snow and rain.

Total rainfall for November, 5.65 in. Snow 3½ inches.

—The largest assortment of Fall clothing ever received in this county are on display at the Philad. Branch, Bellefonte. The price is as low as the stock large. Satisfaction always guaranteed on every sale.

GRAIN MARKET.

New Wheat	80
Rye	35
Corn	30
New Oats	17
Oats	20
Barley	27
Buckwheat	

PRODUCE AT STORES.

Butter	16
Eggs	18
Lard	5
Shoulders	8
Ham	12
Tallow	4
Potatoes	50
Sides	
Onions	50

APPLICATION FOR CHARTER—NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, on Tuesday, the 4th day of January A. D. 1898 under the act of Assembly entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto for the charter of the "Sinking Creek Presbyterian Congregation" the purpose and object of which is to support public worship according to the faith, doctrine, discipline and usages of the Presbyterian church, and be in connection with the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church of the United States of America, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rites, benefits, and privileges conferred by the aforesaid Act of Assembly and its supplements.

FORTNEY & WALKER,
dec2-3t Solicitors.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—IN THE ORPHAN'S Court of Centre county, in the matter of the estate of Mary A. Noble, of College township, deceased. The undersigned, an auditor appointed by the said Court to distribute the funds in the hands of W. C. Patterson, Administrator of said decedent, to and among those legally entitled thereto, will attend to the duties of his appointment, on Saturday, the 18th day of December, 1897, at 10 o'clock, a. m. at his office in Temple Court, Bellefonte, Pa. When and where all parties interested are required to be present and prove their claim or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund. J. K. JOHNSTON,
dec2-3t Auditor.

The Bargain OF THE Season

We will sell for the next month a

Fine 8-Piece Oak Chamber Suit,
AND A
Large $6 Family Bible,
For $19.00!

Also an 8-piece Oak Chamber Suit, Glass 22x28, and an $8 Family Bible for $24.00.

The above Chamber Suits are finely finished, with German beveled edge glass.

It is an offer without a parallel. Come and see the goods at our store, and be convinced that we will do exactly as we say.

Prices on all other goods in proportion.

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WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY AND ACTive gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible, established house in Pennsylvania. Monthly $65.00 and expenses. Position steady Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. Y, Chicago.

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Attorney-at-Law,
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Offices directly opposite the Court House. aug96

IRA C. MITCHELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
Bellefonte, Pa.
Office, Room No. 10, Crider's Exchange. oct196

JOHN KLINE,
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BELLEFONTE, PA.
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J. H. ORVIS, C. M. BOWER, E. J. ORVIS
ORVIS, BOWER & ORVIS,
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David F. Fortney. W. Harrison Walker.
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BANKS.

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BELLEFONTE, PA.
Receive deposits. Discount notes.
jan92 J. D. SHUGERT, Cashier.

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Daniel C. Keller, Proprietor.
Bellefonte, Pa.
This house has been newly furnished throughout. An excellent stable in connection with the house. Rates very reasonable. Parties attending court and making an extended stay in Bellefonte an extra discount will be made. The table is provided with everything in season.

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Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor. jan92

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New building, new furniture throughout, steam heat, electric bells and all modern improvements. Good table and moderate charges.

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Free bus to and from all trains.

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"A BAD INDIAN."

CAREER OF ZEKE PROCTOR, DEPUTY UNITED STATES MARSHAL.

A Cherokee Hunter and Covernment Scout With a Record Written in Blood---Sanguinary Incidents in Which He Has Taken Prominent Part.

The Indian country bordering on Western Arkansas has produced many individuals who have become conspicuous for their daring, both as the conservators of the peace and civil government and as defiers of the law. The most conspicuous fighter and killer now living in the Cherokee Nation, writes Carl P. Johnson, in the New York Times, is Zeke Proctor, ex-High Sheriff of Going-snake District. He is a full-blood Cherokee, is near sixty-five years of age, and notwithstanding his numerous battles, and scars made by club, knife, and bullet, he is still vigorous, active, and keen-eyed.

He went to the Nation from Georgia when a boy, when the Cherokees were removed from their Southern Reservation to their present lands. When he was yet a young man, he became noted among his people as a hunter, trapper, and fighter. His first victim was a man named Year-Old, a young Indian with whom he became involved in an altercation. He buried the body of Year-Old, and adorned the grave with flint rocks. A road now runs near the rocky mound, in what is known as "Indian Grave Hollow." Not long after this tragedy Proctor attended a dance in the Goingsnake District, and during the festivities he became involved in a fight with two Indians named Jay-Bird and Big-Drum. He shot Jay-Bird dead and sent a bullet through Big-Drum's body, but the latter recovered. This occurred at the outbreak of the civil war, and as soon as Proctor recovered from his wounds he offered his services to the United States Government as a scout, in which capacity he was a power as spy, scout, and sharpshooter.

At the close of the war Proctor ran for Sheriff of Goingsnake District and was elected. During the second year of his service, the Council of Chiefs, for some offense on the part of Proctor, deposed him. Shortly after he got into a difficulty with one Jim Kesterson, in which he brought his revolver into action, firing at Kesterson, missing him and killing a woman spectator named Hilderbrand. He was arrested, for the killing of Mrs. Hilderbrand, tried and acquitted. Then he was rearrested for shooting at Jim Kesterson. The trial was set for May 15, 1872. He was held as a prisoner at Goingsnake Court House. In the forenoon of that day, Proctor was in the courtroom with a number of his friends. Among his opponents were eight United States Deputy Marshals. By order of the Court, the men of both parties had stood their rifles and hung up their revolvers on each side of the Judge's bench, but while waiting for Proctor's case to be called, Sut Beck, a nephew of Mrs. Hilderbrand, appeared in the Court House door with a double-barreled shot gun. He was in the act of leveling it at Zeke Proctor, when the latter's brother, Johnson Proctor, caught the muzzle of the gun and pulled it toward him. Beck at that instant pulled the trigger, and Johnson Proctor fell dead.

Beck then shot Zeke Proctor with the remaining charge, but at that instant some one from the outside handed Proctor a gun through a window, and he began to use it most effectively, although growing weak from loss of blood. Both factions rushed to their stacked guns and a battle at close range followed. The smoke became so dense in the Court House that the firing was mostly at random, but after it ceased, and the smoke lifted, a Deputy United States Marshal, a posseman, and ten others, lay dead on the floor and in the yard. Proctor and his friends escaped and were finally pardoned by President Grant with the proviso that they cease their sanguinary contentions.

Proctor engaged, soon after his return to the Indian Territory, in cattle raising. He took as a partner in this enterprise a married man named Woodruff, of Siloam Springs, Ark., just across the eastern boundary. Their herds multiplied and grew fat, but one day shortly before the time for marketing the beeves, Woodruff was found dead a short distance west of Siloam Springs. Woodruff was popular in Siloam Springs, and in their indignation the people centered their suspicion upon Proctor as the slayer of Woodruff. The excitement grew, until a vigilance committee was formed to avenge the death of Woodruff by "waiting" upon Proctor in a body. A prominent citizen led the avengers down to Proctor's ranch. As they approached the house they saw him sitting out in the yard, surrounded by about twenty Cherokees squatted in the ground, every one of them with a Winchester across his lap. Very few words were spoken, and they were by Proctor, who, pointing to a spring branch that flows near his house, shouted: "Don't you cross that stream!" They took his advice, and returned to Siloam Springs, and that ended the Proctor-Woodruff deal.

Proctor is still riding as Deputy United States Marshal, and with his record as a killer and the Government at his back, his prowess is feared and his authority is respected.

Formation of Amber.

The main source of the amber supply is the sea coast of the Baltic Ocean. It is fossil gum, originally the exudation of a species of conifer now extinct. This grew in luxuriant profusion hundreds of thousands of years ago on the marshy coasts of northern Europe, when the climate was much warmer than it is to-day. The natural history of amber is thus explained. The immense forests of amber pine underwent their natural downfall and decay. The resin of the wood accumulated in large quantities in bogs and ponds and in the soil of the forest. Where the coast was slowly sinking, the sea by-and-by covered the land, and the amber, which had been gradually hardening, was at last deposited at the ocean bottom. But in higher regions the pine continued to flourish, and so amber would still continue to be washed down to the shore, and deposited in the later formed green sand, and the still later formed stratum of lignite or brown coal.

The gum became fossilized by its long burial underground. More than two hundred specimens of extinct life, animal and vegetable, have been found embedded in amber specimens, including insects, reptiles, plants, leaves, shells, fruit, etc., which had been caught in the liquid gum and entombed there for all time. Some of these specimens are so curiously beautiful as to be almost priceless, and one English collector has a cabinet of them which is valued at £100,000. One piece embalms a lizard about eight inches long, a little jeweled monster perfect in its form and coloring, which has no like in anything existing now. Indeed, in many instances science is able solely through this medium to study details of animal life which perished from the earth many hundred thousands of years ago. There are flies preserved with wings poised as if for flight, where the prismatic sheen glowing through the yellow sepulchre is as brilliant as if they were floating alive in the sunshine.—Harper's Round Table.

HOW SOME PEOPLE LIVE.

Queer Ways of Eking Out Insufficient Regular Incomes.

In the struggle for life, which is so keen at this end of the century, some people resort to strange expedients to get bread and cheese or to increase a pittance to a comfortable income. Inspector Livingstone, who was formerly in charge of the police at the Law Courts, tells a tragic story of a poor and briefless barrister who fought a long and grim battle with fate, and was beaten in the end. In the early hours of the morning he worked as a market porter at Covent Garden, and then at 10 o'clock adjourned to his chambers in the Temple, donned wig and gown, and attended the courts, waiting day after day to grasp the skirts of happy chance. Others as unknown to the world and friendless as he had their opportunity, but none presented itself to him, and in hope ever deferred his race was run.

A rising author who is now sought by the publishers, but had a particularly hard struggle to find acceptance, tided over the worst period by acting as a broker's man. Taken as a whole, he found is a most unpleasant experience, but he declares that he wouldn't have missed it for the world, for it has supplied him with material for numbers of sketches and short stories. A Christmas story which brought him a lot of praise, for instance, was a chapter from that experience, and well deserved the ecomium of "very realistic" from the critics.

A friend of the writer, who rejoices in what the police reports call "very aristocratic appearance," and has in addition excellent manners, adds enough to a slender income to pay for the summer holiday for himself and family, his tailor's and bootmaker's bills, and even his rent, by acting as a private detective at balls and receptions in Belgravia and Mayfair. Chance threw him in contact with the manager of a detective agency which does a great deal of business of this kind, and his first job was, in fact, simply as a night's diversion at the invitation of the manager aforesaid. But so pleased was the lady of the house with his appearance and obliging courtesy that she made special mention of it to the manager, who accordingly proposed to my friend that he should accept regular paid employment. He was nothing loath, and now has engagements almost every night during the season.

Another curious case is that of a Noncomformist minister in the south of London who doubles his slender salary by the profits of a flourishing photography business on the other side of the Thames. Originally he took up photography as a pastime, but acquiring considerable skill in the work, was pestered by people who wanted to get their portraits taken on the cheap. So he determined to gain instead of lose by his work, and taking convenient rooms at some distance from the scene of his ministerial labors, set up as a "photographic artist" under another name, his daughter acting as his assistant. Fortune favored him, and before the secret of his constant abscence from home was fathomed by the curious of his flock he had made so promising a business that he stood in no awe of deacons or church, though, indeed, the former have taken a very sensible view of the matter, and admire rather than condemn his enterprise.—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

Queer Family Register.

A singular kind of family register is kept in some parts of Switzerland. Wherever those well-known gigantic round cheeses are made, it is the custom for the friends and relatives of a newly married couple to join in presenting them with an extra large specimen of their dairy produce, which is not intended to be eaten, but serves as a family register, on which the family events, such as births, deaths, weddings, etc., are marked by crosses cut perpendicularly into the cheese. This custom dates back as far as the seventeenth century, and a good many cheeses two centuries old are said to be extant.

Switzerland has forty-six mountain railways.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

According to the latest German colonial budget, every dollar's worth of colonial trade costs Germany 75 cents, and every colonial settler costs the empire $1,000 a year. At that rate a great colonial empire will be a costly thing.

Germany and Spain are now connected by a submarine cable 1,250 miles long, the ends of which are at Emden and Vigo. It is the first link in a series of lines to be extended to Brazil and to the United States by way of the Azores.

A learned scientist says that the whole human body is full of microbes, and that a person is healthy as long as his microbes are in good condition. The question now is, What can a fellow take that will always be good for his microbes?

A county fair in Maine was slimly attended for the reason that it didn't advertise. The results would have been different if the management had used a column in each county paper for the three weeks preceding the fair to herald its attractions.

Picture dealers say there has been in recent years an increased demand for pictures of a patriotic character. There was, for example, an increased demand for pictures of Washington. The revival of patriotic feeling thus indicated he attributed largely to the growth and influence of patriotic societies.

An English paper tells of a clergyman who had two curates, with the older of whom he was at swords' points. On being appointed to another living, he decided to take with him the younger curate, whom he liked, and when he came to preach his farewell sermon he chose as his text, "Abide ye here with the ass, and I and the lad will go yonder and worship."

Newspapers may soon be used in the Kansas City public schools as textbooks. At the regular meeting of the local school board, J. M. Greenwood, superintendent of schools, instructed the principals to keep up an interest in current events and to encourage the reading of good newspapers. "I will introduce a system whereby newspapers will be used as text-books a little later," said Mr. Greenwood to a reporter. "I am getting the teachers prepared for it now."

The National Congress of German Journalists and Writers has just met in convention at Leipsic, and has formulated a protest against the methods of punishing editors which existing statutes prescribe. They are put on a par with thieves and murderers, and kept in chains in dungeons, and are fed on the same food as common criminals. It is no wonder that they petition the Reichstag to abate the rigor of these ordinances, though what will come of their petition remains to be seen.

In order that wide-spread measures may be taken to prevent the recurrence of the terrible disaster at the charity bazaar in Paris, it is proposed to hold an international congress of experts in that city, together with an exhibition of fire-extinguishing apparatus, etc., the scientific discussions being accompanied by practical illustrations. Makers of fire-engines are invited to send exhibits, and architects, engineers, inventors and others are asked to forward plans or designs for safeguarding theatres, concert-rooms and other buildings.

Has it ever occurred to you, inquires The Pathfinder, to what a large extent the various members of the human body have suggested the nomenclature of the mechanical arts? A bicycle alone has a neck, head, backbone, etc. Other machines of various kinds have arms, legs, fingers, hands, wrists, elbows, eyes, ears, noses, cheeks, mouths, teeth, tongues, lips, ribs, eyes, feet, etc. There is nothing more natural or logical than to apply the name of a familiar feature of the human body to a mechanical part closely simulating it in form or function.

A French sculptor, Pietre Roche, has invented an ingenious way of producing snow statues that will not melt. He noticed that in ice-making machines the pipes containing the liquified gases were covered with snow, and applied the same principles to copper statues made hollow and filled with freezing fluid. The moisture from the atmosphere forms on the metal in a few moments as a coating of snow, and is prevented from thawing by the freezing mixture. Many exquisite effects can be obtained in this way, and for the decoration of ball-rooms on a midsummer night the snow statuary must be ideal.

A sensation has been created by the discovery that both the Austrian and Italian governments are busy day and night constructing the most costly and elaborate fortifications at the points where the empire and the kingdom meet in the Southern Tyrol and in the neighborhood of Pontebba. This, it would appear, means that neither at Vienna nor at Rome is there much confidence on the part of the authorities in the extension of the existing Triple Alliance, since allies do not, as a rule, consider it necessary to adopt such means of defending their dominions against one another. There are no fortifications of any kind along the frontier of Germany and Austria. Why should there be any on the Austro-Italian boundary line?

It is quite astonishing how many games were originally invented and are to-day practised by people we are accustomed to think of as savages. The Canadian game of lacrosse originated among the North American Indians. Wallace tells us how in Borneo one wet day he thought to amuse his Dyak boys by showing them cat's cradle, but he found that they not only knew it, but knew more intricate figures than he. The Maoris of New Zealand actually have a sort of pictorial history in cat's cradle figures of twisted fiber. The Sandwich Islanders play a kind of draughts. The South Sea peoples nearly all are adepts at kite flying. Polo comes from Persia and is played magnificently by wild hill tribes from northern India.

In his recent address before the English church congress the Archbishop of Canterbury gave some advice to workingmen, speaking of himself as a workingman. He had been left fatherless, he said, at the age of thirteen, and had been urged to earn his own living since he was seventeen. He had known what it was to do without a fire because he could not afford one, and to wear patched clothes and boots. He learned to plough as straight a furrow as any man in the parish, and he could thrash as well as any man. If, he added, the workingman would practice self-restraint, would never waste his wages in drink, but find happiness in the love of home and family, he would feel little of the burdens of life or of the inequality, which was inevitable.

A German statistician has recently compiled figures as to the total number of newspapers printed during a year, which he estimates at 12,000,000,000 copies. To gather an adequate idea of this enormous quantity, it might be stated that all these papers spread out would more than cover all the continents and islands of the earth. The weight of the paper would amount to 781,240 tons. If this entire edition were to be printed by one single press, the largest and most rapid one now in use, the total edition would take 333 years to print. Stacked up vertically, this quantity would form a column 260,000 feet in height. Suppose that every reader devotes but five minutes per day to the reading of his newspaper, the time used by the total population of the earth would amount to 100,000 years.

The tiny but venerable and free republic of San Marino, in northern Italy, has come out of a diplomatic contest with big Italy victoriously. The question related to a new treaty in which Italy badly wanted to insert clauses providing for the extradition of socialists, anarchists and others, whose crimes, for want of a better name, may be classed as political. The presidents and senators strongly objected, on the ground that for something like 900 years San Marino had been free to all well-behaved comers. The Italian government pointed out that, as San Marino was only twenty-four square miles large, and surrounded by Italian territory, it might and almost certainly would, become an asylum for all kinds of desperadoes, who would abuse the republic's hospitality by plotting against the neighboring friendly state. The presidents and senators replied that San Marino would know how to deal with such ingrates.

A Dog Sentry.

Out on Southport avenue there is a dog which mounts guard as regularly as most people eat their meals. He is a black dog, with the marks of a Scotch terrier. He is no longer young, as his gray beard shows, but he makes up in vigilance what he may lack in activity. He sits in the sentry box in the corner of the yard, and with loud barkings warns off all intruders.

That sentry box is of itself a peculiar thing. In one corner of the front yard about ten feet from the gate a platform has been erected. The lot is beyond the surface of the street and entrance to the yard is accomplished by descending a short flight of three steps. The platform extends up to within a foot of the top of the fence, which is of heavy boards, and of the closed variety. The fence about the platform is surmounted by a row of spikes. These extend along the front and side fences, making the whole resemble a sentry box with a spiked top.

As soon as the day's work commences the terrier makes the rounds of the premises. He looks into the barn in the rear. He crawls under the house and drives out strange cats, &c. Having satisfied himself that all is safe, he gravely proceeds to the front yard and hops up on that platform. There he sits erect, his head and shoulders appearing above the spikes. He is a sober and reliable soldier. Strange dogs pass by and challenge him to battle. He glances down at them in high disdain and returns no response to their jeers. He is on duty and is not to be seduced therefrom.

But let a stranger attempt to enter the gate and he is all changed. Towser flies into rage and action at the same time. He drops from his perch and attacks the stranger with teeth and voice. If a member of the family passes his beat he wags his tail and receives the countersign, but does not leave his seat. In fact, he is a well behaved sentry who is always on duty and who takes a pride in duty well done.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Anecdote of Dana.

Once, when the late Editor Dana was on a visit to Atlanta he made the rounds of the "Constitution" office. In one of the editorial rooms he had to wade through a sea of discarded exchanges. Some apology was made for the littered condition of the room.

"I like to see it," he said, looking down on the scattered exchanges, "for it looks like business, and it means that work has been done. Keep it up, boys, keep it up!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Maine man bought a new, latest improved magazine rifle and went out hunting. He encountered seven wild cats, emptied the magazine at them without effect, and threw the gun away and dispersed the felines with rocks.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

FINGERS START TO SCHOOL.

Here, little finger, you start this rhyme,
And don't be so poky and slow;
You, gold finger, begin on time,
And don't let one lesson go;
You middle finger, be good and kind,
Tho' you are so stout and tall;
You, forefinger, your teacher mind,
And don't think of playing ball;
You, little thumb, don't bob about,
But listen and be still;
And you, little hand, whate'er you do,
Do it with a will.

—Woman's Home Companion.

BATHING AN ELEPHANT.

F. Fitz Roy Dixon tells of "A Baby Elephant" that was captured by friends of his in Ceylon, in an article that he contributes to St. Nicholas. Mr. Dixon says:

Her daily bath afforded her great enjoyment. A broad, shallow stream, with a sandy bottom, flowed through the estate, and in a large pool Rengan used to scrub her down every day. Of course he went into the water also, and she would lie down and roll, sometimes with all four legs in the air, but always keeping the tip of her trunk out of the water so that she might have air to breathe. When she had done enough of this sort of nonsense, according to Rengan's idea, he used to make her come out and lie down on a sand-bar, and then he would scrub her down—a process of which she seemed highly to approve—after which she would be once more washed down, and then she would trot off beside her keeper, both clean and glistening, and remain a short while in her stable, whilst he went off for his dinner. He used to bring her back a handful of boiled rice, usually rolled up in a banana leaf, which she received with great satisfaction.

ISLAND THAT IS A BIG MAGNET.

One of the most dangerous places in all the seas is near the coast of Denmark, where there is a little island that goes by the name Bornholm. The seas do not run unusually high about it, nor are currents strong, but when the mariner approaches it the needle of his compass begins to act in the strangest and most unaccountable manner. Instead of pointing north, it switches around and points to Bornholm, so that if it happens to be dark and stormy the pilot may guide his ship straight on the rocks, thinking that he is making due north. This strange condition exists for the reason that Bornholm consists almost entirely of magnetite or magnetic iron, and it draws the compass needle like a powerful horseshoe magnet.

This influence is felt even at a distance of miles, and on the island being sighted by mariners on the Baltic sea they at once discontinue steering their course by the needle, and turn, instead, to the well-known lighthouses to direct their craft. Between Bornholm and the main land there is also a bank of rock under water which is very dangerous to navigation, and because of its being constantly submerged vessels have been frequently wrecked at that point. The peculiar fact in this case is that the magnetic influence of this ore bank is so powerful that a magnetic needle suspended freely in a boat over the bank will point down, and, if not disturbed, will remain in a perfectly perpendicular line.

HOW A BAD ELEPHANT IS WHIPPED.

Did you ever see an elephant whipped? I don't suppose you would ever forget it if you did. They frequently do it in India, because elephants are very obstreperous at times.

Recently an elephant, Abdul, was convicted by court-martial for killing his keeper, and sentenced to fifty lashes and two years' imprisonment.

Two elephants led Abdul to an open space, and in the presence of the whole battery the punishment began. The culprit trumpeted in fear, and made an unearthly noise.

There were fourteen elephants on one side, and the officers and men of the battery on the other three. In the centre of this hollow square stood Lalla (No. 1), the flogger, and the prisoner. The latter was chained by the four legs to as many heavy iron pegs, and could not move.

Fastened to Lalla's trunk was an immense cable chain. When all was ready the major gave the word, and down came the chain with a resounding whack. Abdul roared for all he was worth. Fifty times was the operation repeated, and then Abdul was taken to a compound, where he was to remain a prisoner for two years.

HOW THE SIX WENT HAYING.

Papa and mamma had gone to Florida, and that is how the six happened to be at grandpa's. There were Amy and Hugh; then came Paul and Polly, the twins; next sweet little Daisy, the darling of grandma's heart; and last, but by no means the least, Baby Joe, who was five, and greatly objected to being called baby.

Baby Joe had a round, freckled face, fiery red hair, and the faculty of always being in mischief when he wasn't eating. He hadn't been on the farm a day before he had fallen into the pig-pen, cut his fingers on a scythe, narrowly escaped being run over by the milk-wagon, tumbled off the haymow, and performed various other remarkable and dangerous exploits which filled grandma's gentle soul with horror.

"Good morning!" said grandpa, one bright day in November, as the six came down to breakfast, with Baby Joe bringing up the rear. "I wonder if I could find any children who would like to go haying with me to-day? Do you think you could find me some, Daisy?"

"Why, grandpa," said the little maid, wonderingly, "do people go haying in November?"

"Yes, indeed," replied grandpa, with a twinkle in his eye. "But what I want to know is, can I find any children to go?"

"Oh, we'll go!" cried five of the children, Baby Joe being too deeply engaged in his buckwheat-cakes and syrup to know what the conversation was about.

At last they were ready, warmly dressed by careful grandma, for there was quite a sharp wind blowing. They hurried outdoors, and there stood grandpa by the big hayrick, with Kerry and Kate, the fat, gray horses, harnessed to it. "Jump in!" he cried; and in they scrambled, laughing and shouting, and tumbling over each other in their eagerness. Just then grandma came out with a huge basket, which they stowed away in one corner, under a big fur robe, away from Baby Joe's prying eyes.

"Aren't you going to take the mowing machine?" said Hugh. "You can't cut hay without it, can you?"

"Oh, yes!" laughed grandpa. "We're going to rake hay to-day." As he said this he stowed four large rakes away in the hayrick, and left Hugh pondering over the mystery.

What a merry ride that was! To be sure, they had a few mishaps, for Baby Joe fell out of the team, and his loss was not discovered until a few moments afterward, when Amy, his especial guardian, missed him. They drove back a little way, and there lay Joe in the middle of the road, kicking and screaming lustily, but quite unhurt. He was picked up, and soon forgot his troubles in eating a large red apple which grandpa produced from his pocket.

Once when they were all standing up in the cart, it gave a sudden lurch, and they all fell in a heap; and poor Daisy bumped her head so hard that she was sure it must have cracked, but each one of the children assured her that it was just as good as ever, and she was comforted with another apple, which Joe insisted was the twin brother of his.

"Here we are!" shouted grandpa, as they entered the oak woods. "Jump out, all of you, and go to work raking hay. We can't have any idle children here."

They climbed out, and looked eagerly around.

"We don't see any hay," said Hugh. "There is nothing here but oak leaves."

Grandpa laughed heartily, and said, "These oak leaves are the hay I mean, children. I cover up my banks of celery with them to keep it from freezing, and after keeping them all winter, they will make an excellent fertilizer. So fall to work, and we'll see how soon that hayrick will be full."

The six did fall to work, and they worked with a will. They raked the leaves into piles; then the little ones put them into big baskets, which grandpa emptied into the hayrick. Baby Joe worked as hard as anybody, filling up his fat little arms with leaves, and stuffing them into the baskets.

After they had worked what seemed to them a very short time, grandpa called. "No more room, little haymakers! Look at the hayrick!" And sure enough, it was heaped high with red-brown leaves. The big fur robe was spread over the load, and the children were lifted up, one by one, and had great fun stamping and pressing down the leaves.

Then off they started, and the big basket was produced, and found to be full of apples and doughnuts. They munched merrily all the way home, and when they jumped down at the farmhouse gate, grandma came out to meet them, and said, laughing, "Well, children, was the haying party a success?"

And they cried, "O grandma, we never had half so much fun getting in real hay!"

The First Bank Note.

Who issued the first bank note is not very clear. The Chinese, of course, put in a claim; but then they claim everything, being in truth as all-embracing as the greywacke of the old geologists; and in this matter the Chinese banks of 1,000 years ago are but young beginners compared with the fine old firm of Egibi & Son, who established a miscellaneous financial business in Babylon about 650 B. C., and whose notes, if they could be called so, were inscribed on similar clay tablets to those which have revealed the fact of the firm's existence. As it is probable, however, that memoranda of promises to pay on demand had found their way into the world long prior to the establishment of the banking house in Babylon, it may be as well to restrict our survey to notes on paper only. And so far as that goes, the Chinese appear to hold the record. The old Greeks—did not Xenophen project the first co-operative bank?—had their bankers, who were sufficiently enterprising to pay interest on deposits and issue letters of credit, and the Romans improved on their example by inventing checks; but neither used notes, or paper money, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Notwithstanding all that has been said in favor of other claimants for priority, the first real bank, according to Sir John Lubbock, was the Bank of Barcelona, founded in 1401; and the Bank of Stockholm, founded in 1668, was the first bank in Europe to issue what are undoubtedly bank notes.

Solid Nuremburg.

A specimen of German architectural and business solidity is afforded by the fact that in Nuremburg there are houses still in good order which were erected in 1080, and that in the same town a firm has been engaged in manufacturing harmonicas since 1560, sixty years before the settlement of New England.

No. 223.
This quarter-sawed oak writing desk is polished like a piano. It has a 9-inch beveled plate glass in top and a deep drawer below. Artistic French legs; also finished in mahogany.

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Baltimore, Md.

Please mention this paper.

A DERVISH MIMIC.

Wonderful Piece of Pantomime and Imitation.

Among the men who now leaped off the railway trucks and hurried off to their breakfasts was one black exdervish worthy of mention, says the London Times. This was Somid, the Soudanese jester of the camp, who can always raise a roar of laughter in the working gangs, and is of distinct service, keeping up the men's spirits, as he does, by clever mimicry and queer tricks. A bugler in Hicks Pasha's illfated army, he was captured by the dervishes and taken to the Mahdi's camp at Omdurman. There he discovered that he could make his life easier by playing the buffoon, and he became the jester of Wad el Bishara, the famous emir who commanded the dervish forces that were opposed to us last year. He used to be called up to amuse his master's friends by giving imitations of the British officers with whom he had been brought into contact.

Recaptured by us last year at the battle of Hafir, he now, when not employed in rail-laying, keeps the camp in a roar by his close imitations of his former master Bishara and other dervish notables. Seeing strangers in camp, he approached us with a comical waddle, and then proceeded, surrounded by a crowd of his appreciative countrymen, to favor us with what was certainly a very extraordinary entertainment. First he impersonated the great Emir Yunes; sword over shoulder, he swaggered up and down as through a dervish camp, boasting of his prowess and declaring that he would destroy the enemies of God and drive the English into the sea. Then he suddenly became Ward el Bishara, the true soldier, with graver mien than before; speaking calmly and deliberately, he walked with slow dignity a leader of men, giving orders to his officers in precise terms. The different characters of the two emirs were so clearly brought out by this close observer and marvelous mimic that one felt one would almost be able to recognize the two men with certainty if ever one met them. From the grave he passed to the ludicrous; he took off the mannerisms of a native clerk on the railway works, of an impatient bimbashi carrying on a conversation through the telephone with an indistinct but imperturbable Egyptian at the other end of the wire. Next, with a most ghastly realism, he gave us a representation of a hanging man. It was true to life and to death, for Somid must have witnessed many an execution by hanging in the dervish camp.

Then he became Wad el Bishara again at the battle of Hafir, encouraging his men and laughing scornfully at the shells which burst around him, the sound of which Somid faithfully reproduced. A variety of other tricks were performed by this versatile black. Later in the day we came across him again, at work on the railway. He had just laid down a rail, and, seeing us, proceeded to imitate the action of one sketching a portrait. In a moment we recognized every turn of the head and hand, the pose, even the expression of face of one of the war artists with us; it was a wonderful piece of pantomime and mimicry.

One Fowl for Three.

A crusty old farmer in Southern Illinois one day became an unwilling host for three circuit-riding preachers, who dropped in simultaneously for dinner. The larder was low and the dinner consisted of a single fowl. The farmer asked the first sky-pilot what portion of the chicken he would have.

"A leg," said Number 1.

"Another leg, thank you," requested Number 2.

"And what will you have?" asked the farmer, turning to Number 3.

"I will also take a leg, if you please," replied the third.

With an ejaculation that shocked his reverend guests the farmer threw down his carving utensils and demanded to know what sort of a "crittur" they thought he was carving.

"This is a two-legged chicken," he shouted; "not a centipede."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Building in London.

Statistics recently compiled show that more than 1,200 houses are built monthly in London. Between August, 1896, and August, 1897, there were built 14,591 houses.—New York Press.

Good Advice.

A Texas newspaper offers the following advice to negroes who desire to escape lynching: Sleep at night, work in daylight, and attend church on Sunday.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Rev. William H. Lewis, of Bridgeport, Conn., Discourses Upon "The Gift of Religious Consciousness" — All Men Are Possessed of Spiritual Capacity.

The New York Herald has offered a prize of $1000 for the best sermon, and three subsidiary prizes aggregating $1000 additional for the three next best sermons. Ministers of all denominations have been invited to compete for these prizes, and the sermons offered in competition will appear in the Herald's Sunday edition. Rev. William H. Lewis, D. D., whose name is appended to the initiatory sermon, is rector of St. John's, the largest and most fashionable Episcopal parish in Bridgeport, Conn., and is considered one of the ablest preachers. His subject is: "The Gift of Religious Consciousness," and the sermon in full is as follows:

TEXT: "And another came, saying, Lord, behold, here is thy pound, which I have kept laid up in a napkin, for I feared thee, because thou art an austere man. * * * And he saith up to him, Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant."—St. Luke xix., 20-22.

The lord of the parable, about to go away into a "far country," had given to each of his servants a certain amount to make use of while he was away. For these three the amount given is specified, but to all his servants he gave something. "To each man," the parable says, "according to his several ability." Only three are specially designated, because they serve as sufficient illustrations of the highest, the medium and the lowest gift. Each receiver seems to have known that the amount handed him was not a gift outright, but a trust, and that his lord would eventually come back and make an accounting. Each, therefore, treated his trust according to the opinion he held of his lord.

The substance of the parable is evidently this—that in every man living there is implanted a certain spiritual capacity or ability; that men have this capacity in degree, so that one has clear and distinct ideas of God and his duty, another has less, and another almost none at all. But the trust of a spiritual instinct or consciousness, and of a conscience which recognizes this consciousness, belongs to all. None is so low in the scale of humanity that the thought of God does not somehow enter into his life; and whoever has this gift has also the intelligence to know that he has it, and to ask himself, at least once in his life, if only once, what he shall do with it.

With this consciousness of God and this conscience there comes a sense of responsibility; and with that there comes a certainty of judgment. We indorse the reasoning of the parable when we excuse the man of small capacity by saying that he does not know any better; of another, that he ought to have known better, and of a third, that he did know better; and the popular judgment condemns each man with a severity according to his gift of capacity, his conscience, his educated or uneducated sense of the value of the gift which determines his use of it, and the very worst sin of all in the popular judgment is to have made no use of the gift. It was the servant who knew his gift and his lord, even though he knew him wrongly, and then made no use of his gift, who excited his lord's anger.

Make much of the thought, for it has much in it. If we grant the universal consciousness of God and the universal conscience, then every one is bound to conduct himself always under pressure of the thought that one day he will be called upon to answer to God for his use of these capacities. If a man only recognizes God by taking His name in vain, that is a recognition. And in actual fact there are many people who excuse themselves in their neglect of religion on the very grounds on which this man of the parable rested his defence—viz., harsh and distorted ideas of God and religion. They do not see that logically a man with harsh ideas of God ought to be the stricter in his life for that, if he shapes his conduct by his theory and if he expects God to judge him by his own confession. If my whole idea of religion is that it is such a straight and narrow way that I cannot walk in it without help from above, and, knowing that I must walk in it if I would be saved, I have yet never sought that help, shall I care to plead this neglect as an excuse when I come to stand before a righteous judge? Whether the napkin in which we tie up our religious consciousness be clean and white with the starch and bluing and ironing of a self-satisfied morality or filthy with the stains of every self-indulgence will make no difference with the fact that we tied it up and buried it. When capital combines for selfish purposes we know what to say of it; when an anarchist wants a division of capital for his own benefit we can deal with him. But when a man puts his thousands in an old stocking and hides it under his chimney hearth we simply call him a miser—a miserable one. He may plead that he had no faith in banks, but we condemn him nevertheless. Again the common judgment illustrates the parable.

In some shops you may find a device to keep check upon business transactions. A little disc springs up in full sight of buyer, seller and employer, records the price and drops out of sight again. But at the close of the day, when the accounting is made, the registry is there and the balance must agree with that. A man's conscience is like this—every thought of God and duty that comes into mind is on record there—a good thought, or a mistaken thought, or a bad thought, it held up its signal for a moment in the presence of all who cared to look and made its unalterable record of what was done. When the time comes the judges—God and conscience, and even the popular judgment—will be at the count, as they now are at the transaction. He is a daring thief who with these three looking on can try to take money out of the box and throw up a blank. Every thought of God and duty is a talent, a pound, bringing with it a demand for interest upon the original capital of God's first gift of spiritual consciousness and conscience. When the day of reckoning comes we shall be condemned by every opportunity we have had to know and to do better. No belief can possibly warrant neglect. Whatever we think of God we are bound to do something.

WM. H. LEWIS, D. D.
Rector St. John's Church, Bridgeport, Conn.

THE SHELLS IN THE BIBLE.

Dr. Talmage Draws an Interesting Lesson From Them.

Dr. T. De Witt Talmage delivered in Washington a sermon on "God Everywhere." The subject of the sermon was "Conchology of the Bible, or God Among the Shells," as found in the text, Exodus xxx., 34: "And the Lord said unto Moses, Take unto thee sweet spices, stacte and onycha."

You may not have noticed the shells of the Bible, he said, although in this early part of the second book God calls you to consider and employ them, as He called Moses to consider and employ them. The onycha of my text is a shell found on the banks of the Red Sea, and Moses and his army must have crushed many of them under foot as they crossed the bisected waters, onycha on the beach and onycha in the unfolded bed of the deep.

I shall speak of this shell as a beautiful and practical revelation of God, and as true as the first chapter of Genesis and the last chapter of Revelations or everything between. Not only is this shell, the onycha, found in the Red Sea, but in the waters of India. It not only delectates the eye with its convolution of beauty, white and lustrous, and seriated, but blesses the nostrils with a pungent aroma. I spoke to you last Sabbath of God in the great; now I speak of God in the small, God in the infinite, and God in the infinitesimal.

It is a secret that you may sleep for me, that in all the realms of the natural world there is nothing for me so fascinating, so completely absorbing, so full of divine suggestiveness as a shell. What? More entertaining than a bird, which can sing, when a shell cannot sing? Well, there you have made a great mistake. Pick up the onycha from the banks of the Red Sea, or pick up a bivalve from the beach of the Atlantic Ocean, and listen, and you hear a whole choir of marine voices—bass, alto, soprano—in an unknown tongue, but seeming to chant, as I put them to my ear, "The sea is His and He made it."

As the shell is only the house and the wardrobe of insignificant animals of the deep, why all the wonder and beauty of construction? God's care for them is the only reason. And if God provide so munificently for them, will He not see that you have wardrobe and shelter? Wardrobe and shelter for a periwinkle; shall there not be wardrobe and shelter for a man? Would God give a coat of mail for the defense of a Nautilus and leave you no defense against the storm? Does He build a stone house for a creature that lasts a season and leave without home a soul that takes hold on centuries and æons?

But while you get this pointed lesson of providential care from the shelled creatures of the deep, notice in their construction that God helps them to help themselves. This house of stone in which they live is not dropped on them and is not built around them. The material for it exudes from their own bodies and is adorned with a colored fluid from the pores of their own neck. It is a most interesting thing to see these crustacean animals fashion their own homes out of carbonate of lime and membrane. And all of this is a mighty lesson to those who are waiting for others to build their fortunes, when they ought to go to work and, like the mollusks, build their own fortunes out of their own brain, out of their own sweat, out of their own industries. Not a mollusk on all the beaches of all the seas would have a house of shell if it had not itself built one. Do not wait for others to shelter you or prosper you. All the crustaceous creatures of the earth, from every flake of their covering and from every ridge of their tiny castles on Atlantic and Pacific and Mediterranean coasts, say: "Help yourself, while God helps you to help yourself." Have great expectations from only two persons—God and yourself. Let the onycha of my text become your preceptor.

But the more I examine the shells, the more I am impressed that God is a God of emotion. Many scoff at emotion, and seem to think that God is a God of cold geometry, and iron laws, and eternal apathy, and enthroned stoicism. No, no! The shells with overpowering emphasis deny it. While law and order reign in the universe, you have but to see the lavishness of color on the crustacea, all shades of crimson from the faintest blush to blood of battle-field, all shades of blue, all shades of green, all shades of all colors from deepest black to whitest light, just called out on the shells with no more order than a mother premeditates or calculates how many kisses and hugs she shall give her babe waking up in the morning sunlight. Yes, My God is an emotional God. And He says: "We must have colors and let the sun paint all of them on the scroll of that shell, and we must have music, and here is a carol for the robin, and a psalm for man, and a doxology for the seraphim, and a resurrection trumpet for the archangel. Aye, He showed Himself a God of sublime emotion when He flung Himself on this world in the personality of Christ to save it, without regard to the tears it would take, or the blood it would exhaust, or the agonies it would crush out. When I see the Louvres and the Luxembourgs and the Vaticans of divine painting strewn along the eight thousand miles of coast, and I hear, in a forest, on a summer morning, musical academies and Handel societies of full orchestras, I say God is a God of emotion, and if He observes mathematics, it is mathematics set to music, and His figures are written not in white chalk on blackboards, but written by a finger of sunlight on walls of jasmine and trumpet-creeper.

In my study of the conchology of the Bible, this onycha of the text also impresses me with the fact that religion is perfume. What else could God have meant when He said to Moses: "Take unto thee sweet spices, stacte and onycha. Moses took that shell of the onycha, put it over the fire, and as it crumbled into ashes, it exhaled an odor that hung in every curtain and filled the ancient tabernacle, and its sweet smoke escaped from the sacred precincts and saturated the outside air.

Perfume! That is what religion is. But, instead of that, some make it a mal-odor. They serve God in a rough and acerb way. They box their child's ears because he does not properly keep Sunday, instead of making Sunday so attractive the child could not help but keep it. They make him learn by heart a difficult chapter in the Book of Exodus, with all the hard names because he has been naughty. How many disagreeable good people there are. No one doubts their piety, and they will reach heaven, but they will have to get fixed up before they go there, or they will make trouble by calling out to us, "Keep off that grass!" "What do you mean by plucking that flower?" "Show your tickets!" Oh, how many Christian people need to obey my text, and take into their worship and their behavior and their consociations and presbyteries and general assemblies and conferences more onycha.

But what thrills me with suggestiveness is the material out of which all pearls are made. They are fashioned from the wound of the shellfish. The exudation from that wound is fixed and hardened and enlarged into a pearl. The ruptured vessels of the water animal fashioned the gem that now adorns finger or earring, or sword hilt or king's crown. So, out of the wounds of earth will come the pearls of heaven. Out of the wound of conviction the pearl of pardon. Out of the wound of bereavement the pearl of solace. Out of the wound of loss the pearl of gain. Out of the deep wound of the grave pearl of resurrection joy. Out of the wounds of a Saviour's death, the rich, the radiant, the everlasting pearl of heavenly gladness. "And the twelve gates were twelve pearls." Take the consolation all ye who have been hurt—whether hurt in body or hurt in mind or hurt in soul. Get your troubles sanctified. If you suffer with Christ on earth you will reign with Him in glory. The tears of earth are the crystals of heaven. "Every several gate was one pearl."

OMNIBUS AS POSTOFFICE.

Kept in the Middle of the Road It Leads to Litigation.

A novel question regarding a postoffice in the middle of the road came up before Judge Paul in the United States Court at Abingdon, Va. Thomas Payne, Pastmaster at Pilot, Montgomery County, complained that the owners of all the lands within a radius of one mile of his office had refused to rent or sell a site on which he might open his office. He procured an omnibus, which he placed in the road and used as an office. B. M. Guerrant sued out in the County Court a writ of unlawful detainer, but Judge Paul, on the petition of Postmaster Payne, issued a temporary injunction restraining Guerrant and the deputy sheriff from interfering with the Postmaster and his omnibus postoffice of the United States. A rule has been issued against the same Postmaster's opponents, requiring them to appear before the court and show cause why the temporary injunction should not be perpetuated.

No More Football at Girard.

President Fetterolf, of Girard College, Philadelphia, has issued an order against football. The order was the result of a boy having his leg broken in a practice game.

English Weather Observers.

Distributed all over Great Britain are about 3000 observers, who send up to London periodical reports of the local weather.

VICTIMS OF GOITER.

It is Brought On in Portions of Europe by Drinking Snow Water.

This valley of the Rhone has been quite noted for its goiter victims, although I am happy to say that, through the increased watchfulness of the authorities, there now is an abatement of the disease. Many different causes are assigned to the terrible affliction—this enlargement of the glands of the throat, goiter, or "big neck," as it is sometimes called—and even the best informed are far from being unanimous as to its origin or prevention. The peasants themselves say it is brought on by the habitual use of snow and glacial water. The water is so cold it acts as a counterirritant, and so inflames the throat; but this explanation hardly holds, as the inhabitants of the upper regions are not so often afflicted as are the people in the lower valleys. The use of chemically impure water, especially hard water, is given as a cause.

The experiment has been made where the water of certain wells was used to the exclusion of all other water. Within a short time goiter symptoms began to manifest themselves where none had been before. Sometimes this disease is epidemic. An instance was noted where in a garrison one out of every twenty men became afflicted. Infants are seldom born with goiter, but after it once takes hold the progress of the disease is very rapid. I believe that it is rarely fatal, but because of this enlargement of the glands, and the consequent disfigurement of the throat, it is most repulsive; and yet the natives are so accustomed to seeing it that they do not seem to care. It probably is simply a source of discomfort rather than mortification. In fact, in some portions of France, Italy and Switzerland a goiter is a thing to be prized and to be exhibited, for its possession exempts a man from military service. Young men have been known to resort to certain wells supposed to convey this poison to the blood that they might evade conscription. When Savoy was annexed to France vigorous measures were adopted to stamp out if possible this hateful disease. There was a heavy penalty for drinking the water of forbidden wells, and then the little children were treated in the hope of curing them. Lozenges of iodine were administered, and out of 5,000 children 2,000 were cured, and more would have been helped had not the parents ignorantly opposed the giving of the remedies. The villages also were cleaned and sanitary measures insisted upon. For, aside from all other causes, it is quite agreed that goiter may be transmitted or be sporadic. Like diphtheria, it is a filth disease, and often has its origin in the negligent habits of the villagers. These peasants refuse to live elsewhere than in the old "dorfer" (villages), each morning going far away to the fields, but returning at night to their overcrowded homes, where men, women and children, cows, goats and donkeys dwell together fraternally.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

His Back-Yard Railroad.

Albert Wilson, of Belmont street, Somerville, Mass., has built a miniature railroad in the back yard at his home "that will go," to quote the boys of the neighborhood. His only tools in making the railroad and rolling stock were a knife, an axe and a hammer.

The material for rails and all the other equipments of the road are pieces of wood such as a boy would naturally pick up. The engine and two cars were made from wood, with the exception of the wheels, which are of iron, and which, as the young master mechanic naively states, "a man gave him."

The terminal is the union station in Boston, made from a dry-goods box. There are signals at the entrance of the station that drop down when a train goes in, just as they do at the big station itself. These signals are operated by strings that run from a switch tower outside the yard limit.

From the tower are operated the switches for half a dozen tracks, so that the train can be put into the station of any desired track by the pulling of a string connected with the switch.

A California Mine.

In a single mine in California, only a month ago, the owners took $40,000 in one day out of a pocket which they had discovered. It is not impossible that the total output of this mine in twelve months will exceed $1,000,000. A few months ago the property was unknown to the general public. In another county of California a mill run of only seventy tons of ore gave a yield of more than $10,000. In Mexico rich strikes are still being made. A company working near the City of Mexico is taking out $100,000 a month. Another mine in the same State is taking out $35,000 a month. The State of Sonora alone yielded more than $3,000,000 in gold last year. These mining districts may be reached by a journey of a week or two, and the chances for success to experienced men are as good as they are in the Klondike to-day.

Sloper's Eloping Girls.

The six daughters of a Sydney man named Sloper eloped in turn. This is the record: Annie went off at 21, Milly at 14, Carrie and Nellie when they were 17, Adelina and Florence both at 15. The husband of the latter, Russell by name, has been prosecuted for marrying a child. Two more female Slopers remain, Lucy, aged 9, and Patty, aged 7. Old man Sloper has given up his regular work now, and sits all day on the back fence nursing a shotgun.—Melbourne (Australia) Table Talk.

HOW TIN SOLDIERS ARE MADE.

Those in Turkish or Greek Uniform Most Popular This Year.

"Toy soldiers made of tin or lead, are just as great favorites with children now as they were in the days of our grandfathers," said a wholesale New York dealer. "The soldiers are made almost exclusively in Nuremberg and Furth, Germany, where clever artisans are employed by the numerous manufacturers to design and mold them. The process of manufacture is interesting. The first step is to make sketches of the intended figures. Great pains are bestowed on them. The best artists in Germany do not hesitate when asked to supply models for these toy soldiers, and in making their drawings they have to bear in mind certain fixed rules. Their sketches must be colored. They must avoid deep tints and select only bright, gaudy colors, which children so much prefer. They must also possess a full knowledge of the military costumes of the period to which the soldier they represents belongs. This year the Turkish and Greek soldiers are the leading favorites.

"At Nuremberg and Furth slate molds are used for the plain figures, while brass molds are employed for those in relief. The slate for the former is bought at Sonneberg, in Thuringia, and the tin, which is purchased in England, is melted and poured into them through a small orifice.

"The metal soon hardens when it has been poured in, and the workman then removes the figures, cutting off any excrescences which may have been caused by the molten metal running over the interstices.

"The soldiers then have to be painted, and this is always done by women, who work at home, and are given a certain number of figures upon a piece of wood slit up the center, so as to hold them in a fixed position. When one side of the figure is dry the woman turns it round and paints the other side. Her wages are very poor. The final process, also intrusted to women, is that of packing the soldiers, which are placed in boxes of 30, 60, 120 and 240 pieces, weighing one-eighth, one-quarter, one-half or one pound for the infantry, and of 12, 24, 48 or 96 pieces, of the same weight, for the cavalry.—Washington Star.

The Cramming System.

Perhaps it is because of the cramming system practiced in the public schools that so many young students either gravitate toward the foot of the class or desert it altogether. One girl has run away from home because she "had rather work than go to school," and a Methuen father is searching for his son, who left home precipitately after writing a note declaring that he "could not attend school any more since he failed to get promoted."

Sin may be ugly but it understands the art of beauty culture.

SURCHARGED STAMPS.

Irregular Profits of Public Officers in Dealing with Collectors.

Three years ago the Times drew attention to the subject of surcharged stamps in a lengthy article, says Chambers' Journal. Lord Ripon had caused a circular to be sent from the colonial office in order to put down the abuses connected with the sale of "surcharged stamps," which had proved a temptation to postmasters and treasurers and other public officers, by making irregular profits in dealing with stamp collectors and others. The remedy for this state of matters is to keep a sufficient supply of stamps on hand, and then there would be no necessity to practice "surcharging."

It appears that when in certain cases it became known that a stamp was getting scarce agents of the stamp dealer would at once buy up the stock and ask for more. The colonial postoffice, in order to get over the delay involved in procuring fresh supplies, would print an dearer stamps than those which were exhausted the price of those which were asked for. For instance, a three-penny stamp becomes a half-penny one and a four-penny stamp a two-penny one. A stamp thus altered in value is said to be "surcharged" and a rush is made for this by the dealer. These find their way into collections at 50 or 100 per cent. over their value. A Paris dealer is said to have kept a sum of £1,000 "placed" at different postoffices with instructions to local postmasters to send on specimens to that value whenever a new stamp or a fresh surcharge was made. A London dealer one day received a remittance for 12s. 6d. in half-penny postage stamps from some one in Fiji who was in debt to him for that amount. The stamps, being all surcharged, were sold for about £15.

It will be remembered that the republic of Liberia, on the west coast of Africa, not having ready cash to pay the expenses of its delegate to the Chicago exhibition, gave him a supply of postage stamps to sell to the best advantage. It appears that this negro republic depends largely on the sale of stamps for paying its way, and the stamps, beautifully engraved in London, are largely sold to stamp collectors.

Right in His Line.

"How long," inquired the Eastern potentate, "has the young man been in the treadmill?"

"Two weeks, O conquering king. And he told me yesterday that he was having a fine time, although the scenery was getting monotonous."

"Two weeks? Great Allah! Who is he, anyway?"

"He claims he is an American bicycle scorcher; but what that might be I know not."—Puck.

What a happy world this would be if a man could only believe all he says.

BEWARE OF MORPHINE.

Mrs. Pinkham Asks Women to Seek Permanent Cures and Not Mere Temporary Relief From Pain.

Special forms of suffering lead many a woman to acquire the morphine habit. One of these forms of suffering is a dull, persistent pain in the side, accompanied by heat and throbbing. There is disinclination to work, because work only increases the pain.

This is only one symptom of a chain of troubles; she has others she cannot bear to confide to her physician, for fear of an examination, the terror of all sensitive, modest women.

The physician, meantime, knows her condition, but cannot combat her shrinking terror. He yields to her supplication for something to relieve the pain. He gives her a few morphine tablets, with very grave caution as to their use. Foolish woman! She thinks morphine will help her right along; she becomes its slave!

A wise and a generous physician had such a case; he told his patient he could do nothing for her, as she was too nervous to undergo an examination. In despair, she went to visit a friend. She said to her, "Don't give yourself up; just go to the nearest druggist's and buy a bottle of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It will build you up. You will begin to feel better with the first bottle." She did so, and after the fifth bottle her health was re-established. Here is her own letter about it:

"I was very miserable; was so weak that I could hardly get around the house, could not do any work without feeling tired out. My monthly periods had stopped and I was so tired and nervous all of the time. I was troubled very much with falling of the womb and bearing-down pains. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; I have taken five bottles, and think it is the best medicine I ever used. Now I can work, and feel like myself. I used to be troubled greatly with my head, but I have had no bad headaches or palpitation of the heart, womb trouble or bearing-down pains, since I commenced to take Mrs. Pinkham's medicine. I gladly recommend the Vegetable Compound to every suffering woman. The use of one bottle will prove what it can do."—MRS. LUCY PEASLEY, Derby Center, Vt.

Tobacco

will cure well, have a bright, rich color and flavor, with good burning properties, if liberally supplied with a fertilizer containing at least **10% actual**

Potash.

in the form of **sulphate.**

The quality of tobacco is improved by that form of Potash.

Our books will tell you just what to use. They are free. Send for them.

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PATENTS are Property. Represent Wealth. Can be Sold. Are Assignable. INVENT improvements in tools, implements, household articles, etc. Write F. S. APPLEMAN, Patent Lawyer, Warder Bldg., Washington, D. C. Free circular and advice. Low fees.

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Send 25c. in stamps for a 100-PAGE BOOK, giving the experience of a practical Poultry Raiser. It teaches everything requisite for profitable Poultry raising. Address

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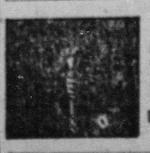

Sterling Silver Filagree Pin.

The newest and most beautiful Scarf Pin on the market today. To introduce our latest Holiday Catalogue we will send the Pin on receipt of EIGHT CENTS—CATALOGUE FREE.

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39 Page St., Providence, R. I.

BNU 48

2 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 2 CTS.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. Dec. 2.

THE RACKET.

No. 9-11 Crider's Exchange, Bellefonte.

STICK A PIN HERE.

If U Kom

To

Bellefonte to Buy Ur Holiday Goods,

Don't forget to look through

The Racket and China Annex,

Before making Ur Purchases.

We have an immense stock of new goods suitable for Christmas gifts, and there is no store in Centre county that is within 365 kays of

Bellefonte's Big Department Store!

G. R. SPIGELMYER,
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Our Patrons Know

...That our store is the largest in the valley, having the largest stock in all lines of merchandise.

A large store and large stock make low prices, just as low prices will eventually develop a large store.

Wolf & Crawford.

SHORTEST ON RECORD.

The Murder Trial Before Hon. C. A. Mayer at Ridgway.

The trial of Patsy Banya for the murder of Perroto Augusta, which occurred at Dagus mines on July 25, took place Thursday before Judge Mayer at Ridgway and was one of the shortest murder cases on record, only about five hours being consumed in the trial, this time including the drawing of the jury and their deliberation before rendering a verdict. The crime for which Banya has just been found guilty was the result of a drunken quarrel between several men who were at work in the mines at Dagus. Duprey Parmale, the star witness, testified that on the evening of July 25, while walking towards home in company with Augusta, the defendant confronted them, firing five shots without provocation. Two of these shots hit Augusta in the head, killing him instantly, the other three striking witness on the head and breast. He escaped by feigning death and allowing Banya to roll him down an embankment. The address to the jury was very short, both by the defense and commonwealth, and after an impartial charge by the court, the jury retired and rendered a verdict of murder in the first degree in about an hour.

Millheim News.

Adam Winkelblech, a former citizen of Haines township, died at the Germantown hospital, near Philadelphia, on Nov. 17, having been brought to that institution the day before. Deceased was about 60 years of age, and left this section probably nineteen years ago. A widow and two sons survive him. His remains were interred at Philadelphia on Saturday 20. Most of our readers will remember him as an expert millwright. He was a brother of Jacob Winkelblech, of Haines township.

Constable Leitzell arrested a party of illegal fishermen on Saturday evening, 20. They had a hearing before 'Squire Garthoff, at Coburn. The constable took them to Bellefonte on Monday morning, 22, in default of the fine, which was $12.50 each.—Journal.

Religious Service.

Service in the Methodist church Sunday, Dec. 5th, at 10.30 a. m., at which time the Lord's Supper will be celebrated.

DIED ON MONDAY.

Peter Breon, an Esteemed Farmer, Succumbs after a Long Illness.

Peter Breon, one of the most respected citizens and farmers of this vicinity, after an illness during the greater part of the summer, died on last Monday afternoon at his home near this place surrounded by his family. His age was 69 years, 7 months 13 days.

He was born in Gregg township and lived in this part of the valley all his life-time. He was the father of eight children, three with his first wife, and five with the surviving wife.

The children by his first wife were Mrs. James W. Runkle, of Middleburg, and Mrs. Adam Ripka, now deceased. The children of the second wife are a son, Perry, Mrs. G. Strohmeier, Mrs. R. D. Foreman, and Mrs. Wm. Flory, all of this place. The others are no more.

The remains were interred in hte Centre Hall cemetery this forenoon, attended by a large concourse of people, Rev. Rearick, of the Lutheran church, officiating.

Better and more upright men than Peter Breon, are not plenty.

Death of an Aged Lady.

The aged Mrs. Reifsnyder, died at the home of her son-in-law, Mr. Armbruster, near Farmers Mills, at 2 o'clock on last Sabbath afternoon, aged nearly 90 years.

She was the mother of J. H. Reifsnyder, Esq., of Millheim, and the grand-mother of Mrs. Wm. W. Boob, of this place. She was the mother of twelve children, three sons and nine daughters. One son, Uriah, and several daughters, preceded the mother to the other shore. Her husband died at Millheim, which was the home of the family, some 22 years ago. She was an invalid from rheumatic trouble, some 15 years.

Her remains were taken to Millheim for burial on Wednesday forenoon.

Attempt to Burn a Farmer's House.

A dastardly attempt was made on Thursday night of last week to burn the residence of George Heiser, in Union county, two miles west of Mazeppa. The barn and other outbuildings were fired and burned to the ground. Coal oil had been plentifully distributed about the premises, but for some reason the fire started in the house failed to get headway. If it had done so Heiser and his wife would probably have perished, as both are deaf mutes, and did not know of the fire until awakened by neighbors. A man by name of Charles Shriner was arrested, charged with the crime, and after being removed to the county prison confessed his guilt.

Boy Shot in Mifflin County.

George Cherry and wife went from their home near Granville one day last week, leaving Mrs. Cherry's two boys by her first husband, in charge of the house. During the absence of the parents a shot gun which was loaded and standing in a corner of the kitchen was thrown down and discharged, the load of heavy shot striking the younger boy in the groin, entirely tearing the hip joint and lodged in his stomach, from which injuries he died about two hours after the accident.—Gazette

Told the Same Lie Last Year.

This is the season of the year when the head of the household slips quietly into bed at or after midnight and tells his wife that he won four turkeys at a cost of 65 cents; that he sold three of them and the fourth is down in the woodshed. His wife knows that he is lying; knows that he has brought home a turkey that cost him at least sixty cents a pound and a load of booze the cost of which cannot be estimated at one or two glances.

Cigarettes Killed Him.

Harry Graham, aged 19 years, died at his home in Franklin one day last week from the effects of excessive cigarette smoking. Before he became addicted to the habit he was possessed of a fine physique and was a leader among his companions in athletic contests. Graham boasted that he had often smoked 100 cigarettes in a day.

Cigarette smoking makes funeral orders come to the undertaker many years ahead of time.

Taken Suddenly Ill.

Last Sunday ex-County Commissioner John Wolf was attending church in Rebersburg, and while on his way home with his family, was taken suddenly ill. He was taken to the home of Calvin Morris, and since, his condition has been such that he could not be removed to his home. The physician diagnosed the ailment from congestion of the brain. He retains full control of mental faculties and parts of his body, and the last day was improving somewhat.

The Tusseyville Church.

The matter of celebrating the Centennial of the Reformed and Lutheran church at Tusseyville, is still talked of. Henry Rossman, who is a grandson of its first Reformed pastor, informs us that the original log church is still in existance. After it ceased to be used for church purposes, it was turned into a school house, and not many years ago was rolled from its old site to near Swartz's store and is at present occupied by James Moyer as a blacksmith shop.

CENTRE COUNTY TEACHERS.

Fifty-First Annual Session of the Institute to be Held at Bellefonte in Dec.

County Superintendent C. L. Gramley has completed arrangements for the holding of the fifty first annual session of the Teachers' Institute in Centre county December 13 to 17. The address of welcome to the teachers will be made by Judge John G. Love. The corps of instructors include Dr. N C. Schaeffer, Superintendent of Public Instruction; Henry Houck, Deputy Superintendent; Dr. M. G. Benedict, of State College; Professor F. H. Green, of the West Chester Normal School; Superintendent J. M. Berkey, of the Johnstown schools, and Professor P. H. Meyer, of Boalsburg.

The evening lectures will be as follows: Monday evening, Dr. George S. Fullerton, vice provost of the University of Pennsylvania, will lecture on "Philosophy:" Tuesday evening Rev. Sam Jones, on "Get There and Stay There;" Wednesday evening, Eli Perkins, on "Philosophy of Wit and Humor;" Thursday evening, Dr. Anna Shaw, of Philadelphia, on "The New Man and the Old Woman."

Thursday, December 16, will be Directors' day. The Directors' Association will hold two sessions and discuss the following topics; "Recent School Legislation," Dr N. C. Schaeffer; "The Township High School," D. F. Fortney; "The Public Kindergarten," Isaac Underwood; "How Shall We Select Teachers," W. E. Irwin. Other topics for general discussion will be: "Difficulties in Applying the Compulsory Education Law," "Responsibility of Directors for the Health and Comfort of the Pupils," ,,Shall We Lengthen the School Term?" "Shall Taxation for School Purposes be Uniform All Over the County?"

The statistical report of the Superintendent shows that Centre county has 279 schools, 284 teachers and 10,270 pupils.

A New Way to Make Money.

Last week a certain reliable individual of Bellefonte received a check for ten dollars from an unknown party in Philadelphia, requesting that he draw the money and deliver it to another man in Bellefonte and take a receipt for the same. The accommodating individual did as he was bidden, (of course endorsing the check upon presentation to the bank) which made him personally responsible for it's genuineness. A few days later the check came back from Philadelphia with the words "no funds" written on the back of it, and the a. i. had to make good the amount of the check out of his own pocket. We have heard of a good many ways to make money, but this is about the sleekest piece of work yet discovered, and we publish it to save others from being caught in a trap.—Bellefonte *Gazette*.

State College Football.

State's football team has made one of the most inglorious records since she has been on the gridiron. Nine games were played during the season, and the majority of them with teams considerably inferior in weight, training and skill, yet she finished with only three of the nine to her credit for a total of 69 points, against 149 scored by her opponents. The only ambition the men seemed to have was to win from Bucknell, and the other games were sacrificed to this end.

But, add this season of State to her past record, and she stands ahead yet.

Georges Valley Hunters.

The Georges valley hunters, consisting of George Fredericks, Ed. and D W. Sweetwood, Breon and Caldron, returned last week from a successful hunting trip in Poe valley.

Ed. Sweetwood killed a spike buck, D. W. Sweetwood killed a 4-pronged buck, Fredericks killed a bear that dressed over 100 lbs.

The party chased up another very large bear but bruin made his escape.

Bellefonte's New Townhall.

The new townhall on Howard street has been completed. Although the town will celebrate its one hundredth anniversary in 1900 it never had a building to call its own. Council always met around in rented rooms.

The new building is a 2-story brick, and besides a council chamber has also rooms for the Logan fire company. It cost $4000.

Ball Not Found.

Wm. Huey, of Millheim, who was shot in the hip by Dr. Mohn several weeks ago, has returned from the hospital at Williamsport, where he had gone to have the ball extracted. Several X-ray pictures were made of his hip where the ball was supposed to be but when developed the ball could not be found. Huey still carries the bullet, and has almost recovered, but walks with a slight limp.

His Arm Torn Off.

Elmer Smith, a young farmer residing a few miles from Lewisburg, while operating a corn-fodder shredder in some manner his right hand became caught and his arm was drawn into the machine and torn to pieces. The flesh and bone was ground to bits, and presented a horrible appearance. A workman standing near stopped the machine or the unfortunate man would have been killed.

AN ACT OF KINDNESS.

A Stranger Prevents a Sheriff Sale from Taking Place Against the Man Who Befriended Him.

Particulars of an act of kindness have just been made public. Some time ago as Henry Irvin, of Boggs township, was driving across the mountain from Philipsburg, he overtook a stranger and invited him to a seat in his vehicle. The stranger accepted the invitation, accompanied Mr. Irvin home and on the latter's invitation, partook dinner at his abode. After the meal the stranger unpacked a camera and, explaining that he was traveling around the country taking pictures for pleasure, asked permission to take a view of the farmer's home, which, of course, was granted. When the amateur photographer was about to take his departure he asked the amount of the indebtedness for the hospitality shown him, but the farmer refused to accept any remuneration.

A sheriff's sale bill tacked on Irvin,s barn attracted the attention of the man and he asked for particulars. Being told that Irvin had become involved and was about to be sold out by the Sheriff, the man took his departure. He went direct to Bellefonte, went to see the Sheriff and inquired the nature of the case and amount of indebtedness and soon after took his departure. A week passed when along came a letter, inclosing a check for the amount of the claim against Mr. Irvin, with the request to the Sheriff to have the same satisfied at once.

The stranger proved to be R. L. Barrett, of Cambridge, Mass., and that was his way of returning the kindness of Mr. Irvin, asking from the latter no security whatever, only to pay back the amount at his convenience.

A Porker Defends His Life and Drives the Inimy Up a Tree.

Down at Harry Dinges' butchering the other day, they had quite an interesting time with a porker, that seemed willing to have the regulation two shots fired at him, but when it came to putting seven balls into his porkship's head forebearance ceased to be a virtue as it should with any decent hog, and the circus opened there at once, admission free with only one reserved seat which was up a tree.

Our boss mason, Byron Garis, was commissioned to do the artillery practice, and with revolver and rifle he appearid in due time in the Dinges yard and the job went on all right, until it came to one hog's turn to be target; one ball went into piggy's head, but it didn't drap. Byron heroically kept up the fusillade until seven balls entered the porker's head and it didn't go down, but Byron went up a tree. With jaws wide open, the hog went for Byron, and he got up said tree before said wutzey could get a grab and chew our worthy fellow citizen into lever wurst. The hog was below waiting for Byron to come down but he wisely held on to his reserved seat. This was the situation for a little spell when Josh Armstrong ventured with a stone hammer to hit the hog a stunning blow, and immediately Byron came down from above, and grabbing the hammer, gave the dazed hog a finishing blow.

The seven balls went into the head of the swine but not one entered the brain.

De Sow sa geht,
Em Byron noch;
Er krottled uf
En Baum gons hoch.
Don kumt der
Armstrong aw noch by,
Un schlogt der Sow
De Harnshol ney.

About the Big Porkers.

Michael Burkholder, of Centre Hill, keeps up that end of the kingdom on big hogs; he slaughtered four the other day which dressed 1575 pounds; the largest one dressed 484 pounds. Zimlich gute, Mike.

Jasp W. Stover, of Millheim, killed two hogs that weighed 965 combined.

Sheriff Spangler's four big hogs had a combined weight of 1580 pounds, dressed.

Jared Mowery, of this place, can enter the ranks of fatteners of big hogs. He killed two the other day, which dressed, one 440, the other 325.

Jacob Shuey, farmer near Lemont, killed three hogs one day last week, which dressed as follows, 518, 553 and 558—total 1625 pounds.

Ex-commissioner George Swab, of near Linden Hall, isn't low in figures on big hogs. He killed three this week which averaged 375 dressed; the largest, a year old, dressed 413.

A Hold Up.

Wednesday morning Milton Bickle, a young man employed on James Curtin's farm near Bellefonte, was driving to that town when he met two men. They stopped him, and drawing a revolver ordered him to deliver up all valuables. Bickle refused, and they fired at him, the ball passing through his coat and just brazed the skin on the left side. Bickle handed over all his money, $15, and he wes allowed to proceed. Officers are searching for the highwaymen, but so far they have made good their escape.

—There is out one first-class clothing house in Bellefonte, and that is the Philad. Branch. Largest stock lowest prices, and everything first class.

Fit for Cupid,

To wear, and therefore fit for any one, no matter how particular or fastidious they may be. Our shoes are fine superlatively, from whatever point you consider them. Their superiority is the secret of their unfailing power to please all wearers. Every trial of our footwear leads to the uniform verdict of unqualified approval. They bear the stamp of fashion, they win every eye, they fit every foot, they save money for every buyer.

MINCLE'S SHOE STORE,
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You are invited to the Grand Opening OF Christmas Goods, The White Fair

Saturday, Dec. 4th, to Christmas Day.

Goods from all over the World.

Extremely Low Prices.

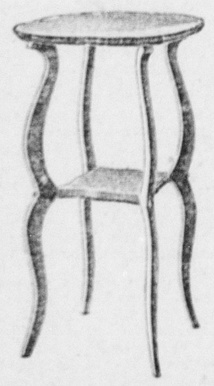
Garman's Store,
BELLEFONTE.

100 TABLES 100

—FOR—

...X-mas Presents...

At W. R, Brachbill's Furniture Store.



This fine Polished Table in Oak, Bird's Eye Maple, Birch and Mahogany,

ONLY 90c.

Ask to to see our fine

Cobbler Seat Rocker, Oak or Mahogany, $2.50.

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REDUCING THE COST TO THE CONSUMER, PRICES TALK.

AND THE PEOPLE TALK ABOUT THE PRICES.

We cannot win by thinking. We must act. We have the reputation for more push, more pluck, more goods and more bargains than anyother store in Bellefonte, and thus thould we have the greatest trade of any Bellefonte store. We have that trade and thus we deserve the reputation.

This week there's another downfall of prices for prudent shoppers to pick and pluck. We are bound to move a great portion of our stock to get ready for

OUR ROYAL DISPLAY OF HOLIDAY GOODS.

Furs for the Little Ones.

This week we opened up a fine line of Furs, including Angora, in white, tan, and slate, rabbit, coney furs, etc. These came in sets, Boa and Muff. Combined prices from $2.50 down to 60cts.

Underwear.

The greatest 25c line of Men's Underwear ever brought to Centre county, you will now find at our store. Underwear worth easily 40 cents of anybody's money, you can now buy at The Globe for 25 cents.

Ladies' Fleece-lined Underwear. These goods are seconds, but very few of them have any imperfections. The regular price of these goods is 25 cents. At The Globe this week, 17 cents.

Domestic Bargains.

Heavy Canton Flannel	per yard	4½c
Good Wool Red Flannel	per yard	17c
Turkey Red Table Linen	per yard	17c
Yard wide Muslins	per yard	4½c
Kitchen Toweling, bleached	per yard	4c
Good Calico, fast colors	per yard	4½c
Bleached Table Linen, wide	per yard	24c
Apron Gingham, fast colors	per yard	3½c

These are only a few of the many bargains you will find here.

Cloaks and Wraps.

We have a standing contract with one of the leading Ladies' Coat and Wrap manufacturers of New York, to take their sample lines on Dec. 1st of every year. Their season being now over they begin on their spring work. These we purchased at exactly just

50c on the Dollar.

We have now received these Wraps, and are prepared to show you unexampled bargains.

Ladies' Astrachan Capes, regular price $10.00, sample price $4.98.
Ladies' Plush Capes, regular price $10.00 to $12.00, sample price $5.25
Ladies' Cloth Capes, trimmed and plain, from $10.00 down to $8c.

All Ladies' Coats you can buy of us at just exactly 50 cents on the Dollar of what other stores ask you.

For instance:

Coats, regular price $12.00, sample price $6.00.
Coats, regular price $10.00, sample price $5.00.
Coats, regular price $7.50, sample price $3.75.
Coats, regular price $4.00, sample price $2.00.

Children's and Misses' Coats sold in same proportion.

KATZ & CO.,
LIMITED.
Bellefonte, - Pa.

"Makers of Low Prices and Terrors to all Competitors."